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THE CONFERENCE.

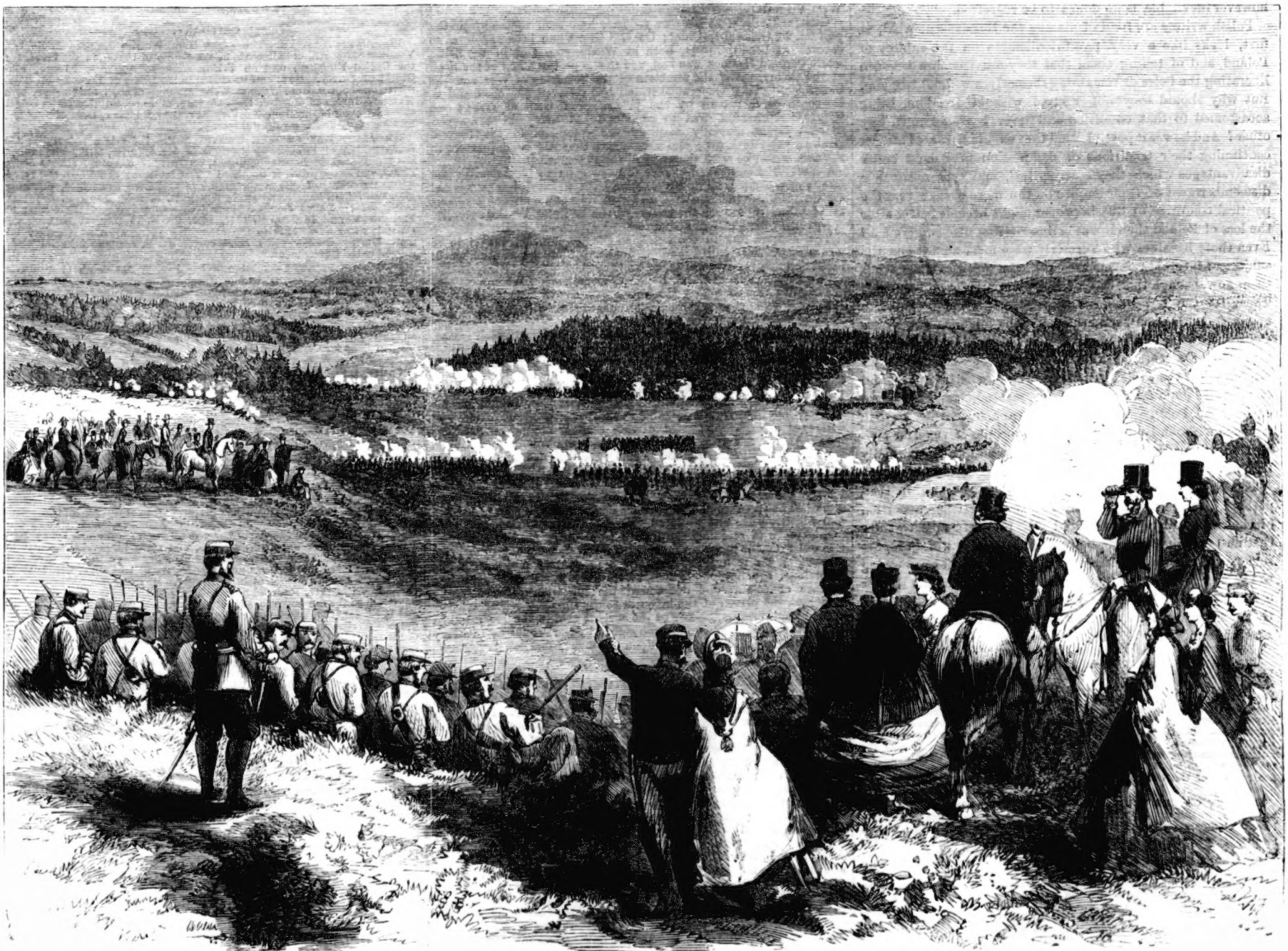
It appears certain now that the long-expected conference will meet at the beginning of the present month, and that Denmark, Austria, Prussia, Russia, France, and England will take part in it. While the diplomatic gentlemen are disputing about principles, the fighting will go on as before; and the argument may, from time to time, be interrupted by the news of victories and defeats, which will not only disturb the equanimity of the representatives most directly interested in the contest, but may also have the effect of changing the basis of negotiations. Not, however, that any basis of negotiations has yet been fixed upon, further than that the integrity of the Danish monarchy is to be maintained. Such, at least, is understood to be a principle recognised by all concerned. The representatives of the six Powers will meet in a most free and easy manner, and will not be in the slightest degree bound to limit their political conversation to any of the major points on which the many-sided Dano-German dispute is supposed to turn. Even if it had been decided what form the discussions should take, and if a most precise programme had been drawn up for the guidance of the representatives, it would still have been difficult to settle by verbal debate questions which have been already referred to the arbitrament of the sword.

When the Emperor of the French made his proposition of



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a European Congress, he was given to understand by England (we believe our Foreign Minister explained the matter himself) that a congress ought to follow a war, and that since Europe was not actually troubled by the war to which several "questions" are likely, one day or another, to lead, the best thing would be to leave those questions in the insoluble state in which they have so long remained. Indeed, the main principle of our foreign policy, whether conducted by Whigs or Conservatives, is, in the first place, "not to wake the sleeping cat," and, in the second, when the cat is up and stirring, to keep as far as possible away from it, and at the same time endeavour to quiet it and get it by some safe means to lie down. The Venetian and Hungarian cats are still dozing. With the Polish cat we could do nothing, and it is understood to be still at large, and suffering more than ever from our awkward attempts to secure for it some partial repose. But in Denmark another cat is now out of the bag; and, unless some means can be found for tempting or driving it back again, all the cats in Europe will be loose and running wild before long. Accordingly, Ministers do not ask themselves, in connection with Danish affairs, whether the proper time for holding a conference is before or after a war; they are content that it should be held during a war, and while fighting is actually going on. Nor do they say, as was maintained in the negotiations on the subject of Poland (that fruitful "interchange of ideas on the basis of



THE VOLUNTEER FIELD-DAY AT BLACKHEATH, NEAR GUILDFORD.—ATTACK ON THE RIGHT FLANK.—SEE PAGE 213.

the Treaty of Vienna," to adopt the pleasant language of Prince Gortschakoff, that a conference cannot possibly be held without an armistice being consented to as a preliminary. Anything to stop the Dano-German war before it has time to spread! A conference in which Powers that cannot even agree as to what they are quarrelling about are expected by the mere force of talk to arrive at an amicable understanding; and this while the armies of the said Powers are striving all the time to gain positive advantages in the field!

No one can, of course, object for one moment to such a conference as this being held, but every one may be permitted to doubt whether it is likely to lead to any peaceful result—the very doubt that Earl Russell entertained on the subject of the congress proposed by the French Emperor. Thus, when Earl Russell asked Austria if in the event of going to the congress she would feel inclined to discuss the cession of Venetia, she answered that she would not, and Russia made a similar reply when questioned on the subject of Poland. On these refusals, Earl Russell grounded his argument that the congress would be powerless to solve the two most difficult and dangerous European "questions" of the day; and, by his own mode of reasoning, it might be proved to him that the conference will be equally unable to arrange terms of peace between Germany and Denmark. Ask Austria and Prussia beforehand, and they will not agree to any Danish proposition; ask Denmark, and all the conditions put forward by Austria and Prussia will be rejected.

At the present moment England is probably the only Power in Europe that really wishes the Dano-German contest to cease. Denmark's desire is to go on fighting and to receive help against her assailants. Austria and Prussia, confident in their own superior force, want only to be left alone. The Dano-German war suits Russia admirably, because it turns away all attention from the Polish insurrection. The French policy in the matter is still to some extent a mystery; but a quarrel which may in the end give France the masters of the Rhine for enemies and England for an ally is a very pretty quarrel as it stands for Napoleon III.

There is another unrecognised "power," too, which counts on turning the invasion of Schleswig and the European war to which it may lead to profitable account. This, of course, is Poland, whose sanguine sons are speculating now on the opportunities that a contest between France and Prussia might afford them. In the meanwhile war still continues in Poland as well as in Denmark, and, although the resistance of the insurgents can no longer be very formidable, it is nevertheless sufficient to cause the Russian Government serious embarrassment. Indeed, the Polish insurrection has forced Russia to resume its ancient character as a military and despotic Power, which, for a time, it seemed to have abandoned. This result, however inevitable, is no doubt to be regretted.

Polish writers are fond of placing the Russians in what, at first, looks like a very painful dilemma on the subject of Poland, and of telling them that they must choose between liberating the Poles or remaining themselves without freedom. But why should they not remain without freedom, being accustomed to that condition and never having known any other? And how is it possible that they should hesitate between continuing their traditions of domination in Poland under disadvantages which they scarcely feel, and consenting to a dismemberment of their empire on the mere chance that the political condition of Russia proper might become better after the loss of Poland than it was before the first dismemberment? Even those Russians who formerly were most anxious on the subject of internal reforms are said to be quite careless about them now, though this carelessness undoubtedly will not last. Then, for the few Russians who have a sincere dislike to arbitrary government, something like the dilemma put by the Poles will really exist. They must be prepared either to reject all notion of a representative system or to see Polish deputies elected in all the Polish provinces, where, whatever the mass of the rural population may be, the educated class is composed entirely of Poles. The Russians cannot move a step in advance without benefiting a subject people of superior civilisation whom they hate cordially, and who quite as cordially hate and abhor them.

The Poles, in fact, are always in the way, and in that, perhaps, lies their best chance of some day getting a portion of their natural rights restored. If they are able to show that no great question can be decided in the north of Europe—such as the one now pending—without their having something to say and to do in connection with it, they will one day or other either get Russia to make terms of conciliation with them, or some other Power or Powers to rescue them from Russian dominion.

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.—Good Friday is usually a great holiday for Londoners, and this year was no exception to the rule. Heavy trains bore thousands to the Crystal Palace, while on the river the steam-boats, spite of the cold wind, were heavily freighted. The day itself was, on the whole, fine, though at times the symptoms of fog were unpleasantly strong. At the Crystal Palace there were even more than the ordinary attractions. At the Agricultural Hall there was a series of athletic games, for which the place is admirably adapted. A large number of the most famous wrestlers of the northern counties contested for various prizes before a very large audience. On Monday also large numbers left town by all the usual outlets, but the inclemency of the weather, no doubt, to a great degree spoiled the day's enjoyment.

FEROCITY OF THE SWAN.—On Tuesday the proprietors of Wombwell's menagerie, at present exhibiting in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, released two fine pelicans with the humane intention of allowing them a swim on the lake as a refresher, before the arrival of the visitors. Two of the company's swans, however, whose rights had been thus unceremoniously invaded, made a desperate attack upon them, the encounter commencing with a collision between the "feather-clads," with all sails set, the force of which fairly made each rebound. Singling out the smaller pelican, the two swans belaboured him with their wings and bills with a ferocity that was truly surprising. The contest lasted upwards of twenty minutes, and would, doubtless, have ended fatally to the pelican but for the arrival of a keeper in a canoe, who succeeded in rescuing him with a broken wing and well nigh exhausted, having been held under the water, by the joint efforts of the swans, for about ten minutes. Exasperated at losing their victim, the swans then directed their attack on the keeper and capsized his canoe.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Mazzini has been condemned in Paris, "by contumacy," to transportation for alleged participation in the Greco plot. This decision has been pronounced by the Court of Assizes of the Seine. Practically this means nothing; for an accused in such a case has a right to demand a new and a real trial whenever he chooses to appear.

ITALY.

Letters from Venetia report that demonstrations have occurred in all the cities of that province to celebrate the anniversary of the Revolution of 1848. Several arrests were made as a natural consequence in Venice. It was believed that the visit of the Emperor of Austria to Venetia would be postponed until the first fortnight in April. It is still reported by despatches from Rome that fresh enlistments of brigands are taking place and that new incursions are being planned.

The health of the Pope is reported to be so far restored that his Holiness was able to officiate on Sunday last. On account of the rain, the Pope bestowed the public benediction inside St. Peter's, instead of, as is usual, from an exterior balcony.

POLAND.

Telegrams from Breslau report that a strong detachment of insurgents recently crossed the frontier from Galicia, and, after a protracted engagement with the Russians, succeeded in penetrating into the government of Lublin. Another engagement, described as still more important, is represented as having taken place near Woodchack, in the palatinate of Radom, and the result is stated to have been favourable to the insurgents. It is affirmed that the Austrian authorities are expelling from Galicia all the Polish refugee families; and, in fact, only allow them forty-eight hours to leave the province.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

Advices from Stockholm state that orders have been issued for the immediate fitting out of the Carl Johann screw ship of the line, and the frigates Norrköping and Josephine, Swea and Andrea. The Royal Life Guards and one battalion of each regiment have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march.

The committee appointed by the Norwegian Storting to examine the Government bills, and to report thereon, has unanimously recommended that Assembly to accept the proposals relative to war armaments in favour of Denmark.

MEXICO.

News from Mexico is to the effect that Juarez had refused to resign, and that the French had achieved some successes.

JAPAN.

From Japan the news is still "pacific." The Americans had obtained several important reductions in the tariff. No doubt the other Powers will avail themselves of the concession, under "the favoured nation's clause" of the various treaties.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

Our intelligence from New York is to the 19th ult. There was no war news of importance; but the Confederates were apparently about to assume the offensive. General Johnston had advanced a large force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery to Taylor's Ridge, near Ringgold. Stuart, with 5000 cavalry, was reported across the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg, menacing Meade's communications. The Confederates were also moving upon Barboursville, West Virginia.

General Halleck, at his own request, had been relieved from the position of General-in-Chief; General Grant had been appointed to succeed at headquarters, both at Washington and in the field; while General Halleck was assigned to the post of Chief of the Staff of the Army, under the direction of the Secretary of War and the General-in-Chief. General Sherman had received the command in the south-west, vacant by the promotion of General Grant; and General M'Pherson was to command the army in Tennessee. General Grant officially assumed the command of the Federal armies on the 18th ult., and announced that his headquarters in the field would be with the army of the Potomac.

General Sherman was reported to have gone to New Orleans and arranged a campaign, in conjunction with General Banks, against the Confederates in Louisiana, and had impressed all the steamers at Vicksburg to convey the troops up the Red and Washita rivers.

Admiral Farragut had abandoned the attack on Mobile. The Federal loss in the battle at Olustee, Florida, proves to be upwards of 2500 killed and wounded. The actual number of Federals captured was not made known.

The Confederate General Polk, at Demopolis, Alabama, in congratulating the troops on the retreat of General Sherman, said, "Never did so grand a campaign, inaugurated with so much pretension, terminate more ignominiously."

President Lincoln had issued a call for 200,000 additional troops, allowing until the 15th of April for filling up the quotas by volunteering. The present high bounties were to be continued until the 1st instant.

Through revenge for Colonel Dahlgren's death, Kilpatrick's cavalry, at Norfolk, Virginia, had made an incursion into King's and Queen's County, laid in ashes the town and county seat of that name, and destroyed a large amount of private Confederate property. The inhabitants were driven from their homes, and many pursued and killed. Mills, granaries, and houses were included in the general destruction.

A great meeting of Democrats, who advocate General McClellan for the presidency, had been held at the Cooper Institute, New York. The speeches and resolutions denounced the Administration and Abolitionists, and declared General McClellan to be the only man capable of rescuing the nation from disintegration and ruin. General Fremont had been nominated for the presidency by a great meeting on the 15th. The platform was entirely Abolitionist. It proclaimed equality of all men before the law, without distinction of race or colour, and denounced the initiation of secession by attacking the person of the labourer to the soil.

A bill authorising the sale of the surplus gold in the Treasury had passed through Congress and been signed by the President. Contrary to expectation, it had no effect upon the money market.

THE NEW NATION.

The friends of General Fremont have established a weekly journal in New York, under the title of the *New Nation*, with the sole object of promoting his claims to the chief magistracy. Discarding the idea that the Union ever was a nation, they announce his policy and their own to be that of making it one, and of welding in the fiery furnace of the war the crude mass of the States into a spick and span nationality as homogeneous as that of France. The object is worthy of the ambition of Northern statesmen, whether aspirants to the presidency or not, and may possibly be accomplished after the independence of the South shall have been secured. It will, to all present appearance, be the sole means by which the now incongruous and incohesive remnant of the Union can be held together; or by which such Middle States as Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York can be firmly cemented in feeling and interest with New England and the West. The Fremont party specify six separate essentials for attaining this end:—1st, absolute, complete, and immediate liberty, without distinction of colour or race; 2nd, the absolute maintenance of the Monroe doctrine, as a guarantee of Republican liberty on the American Continent; 3rd, an effective military organisation and the appointment of Generals for military and not political reasons; 4th, a diminution of the power of the Executive and the greater

responsibility of Cabinet Ministers to Congress; 5th, the renunciation by the States of all the constitutional rights now enjoyed that might militate against the displacement of a confederation by a nation; and, 6th, the election of a President willing and able to carry all these measures into effect, and to "impart such lustre to the American name as will dazzle the eyes of the world."

LOSS OF THE STEAM-SHIP CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE fine Inman steamer City of New York, after a splendid passage from New York, struck upon Daunt's Rock, Queenstown, on Tuesday morning, as she was entering the harbour, and great fears are entertained that she will become a total wreck. Fortunately, the accident has not been attended by loss of life. The ship ran right on the centre of the ridge of rocks and remained firmly seated on it, so that no immediate danger to the passengers arose. The weather was exceedingly favourable. The particulars of the unfortunate occurrence are these:—The ship had an extraordinarily fine passage across. Her average rate of speed was up to 300 miles a day; before two o'clock on Tuesday morning she sighted the harbour, and, as the weather was exceedingly clear, she was kept going at the rate of fourteen miles an hour as she approached it. The moon was shining brightly at the time, and the wind was north-west—that is, blowing off the land, and it is stated that Captain Kennedy, in order to keep to the windward of the rock, in coming in, took the inner passage, the breadth of which is about three-quarters of a mile. All was going on fairly when at 2.40 or so the ship run, with a loud crash, right upon the centre of Daunt's Rock. The concussion shook all the passengers, who had retired to sleep. It is described as resembling a series of shocks, and the ship seemed literally to drive over ledge after ledge as, impelled at almost full speed, she dashed upon the rock. The water rushed into her compartments in immense volumes, and in a very short time it had risen to the level of the sea. A scene of the greatest confusion ensued; the passengers, some half dressed, others as they had risen from sleep, rushed about not knowing the extent of their danger, but thinking from the terrible shock that the ship received that she would go down on the instant. All attempts to move her in any way were out of the question, for in a few minutes after she struck the water had put out the engine fires and was still rising. The only thing that could be done was to put out the boats and to obtain assistance from shore. A number of bluelights were thrown up, and signal-guns were fired incessantly. Aid from shore did not, however, reach the vessel until about half-past four o'clock. About twenty minutes to three o'clock the tug-boat, which meets the steamer to receive the mails and passengers, left Queenstown—the City of New York having been at that time signalled—and proceeded out as far as Roche's Point. It waited there for some time, until some of the ship's signal-guns were heard; and then, surmising that an accident must have occurred, the tug-boat proceeded. On getting a little further out, the City of New York was found upon the rock, with her head turned towards Queenstown, within about 10 ft. of the Daunt's Rock Buoy. The tug-boat was immediately got alongside, and, under the direction of Captain Kennedy, the mails and as many of the passengers as possible were put on board. There were 78 cabin and 75 steerage passengers on board the ship, besides the crew, which numbers about 120 men. Intelligence of the accident was immediately dispatched to Queenstown, and steps were promptly taken to render all the aid which could be given. The Admiral of the port at once sent her Majesty's ships Advice and Maggie. The Jackall, the Cunard Company's tender the Arran Castle, the Brunel, and the Robert Bruce (tug-boats), also proceeded out. The passengers' luggage was got out as soon as possible and put on board the tugs, and steps were taken to lighten the ship by removing as much of the cargo as could be come at. It is doubtful, however, whether the ship will be got off, as she was covered with water up to the level of the decks; and of course the cargo will be much damaged.

OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH.—The Right Hon. William Leonard Addington, Viscount Sidmouth, of Sidmouth, in the county of Devon, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, died on Friday week, at his seat, Albury, near Guildford, Surrey. He is now succeeded in the House of Lords by his eldest surviving son, the Hon. William Wells Addington, M.P. for Devizes, born March 25, 1824, and married, Sept. 28, 1848, to his cousin, Georgiana Susan, eldest daughter of the Hon. and Very Rev. George Pelaw, Dean of Norwich, by which lady he has a youthful family.

MR. JAMES HAY ERKINE WEMYSS, M.P.—There is a vacancy in the representation of Fifeshire by the death of Mr. Wemyss, M.P., who expired at his residence, at Buckingham-gate, on Tuesday morning, after a short illness, and in the prime of manhood. The lamented gentleman had represented the county of Fife in the House of Commons since 1859, defeating his cousin, Lord Loughborough, by a majority of 237. The hon. member's father, Rear-Admiral James Erskine Wemyss, represented the county in Parliament from 1820 up to 1847, with the short interval between the general election of 1831 to the succeeding year, when he regained his seat. During the few years Mr. Wemyss was in Parliament he uniformly supported the Government.

PROFESSOR PILLANS.—Edinburgh has lost, by the death of Professor Pillans, one of her oldest, most eminent, and best-beloved citizens. Mr. Pillans was born at Edinburgh (where his father carried on business as a letterpress printer) in April, 1788, and so would in a few days have completed his eighty-sixth year. In his youth he was for many years a private tutor at Eton; was then, for nine or ten years, Rector of Edinburgh High School; and in 1820 was appointed Professor of Humanity in the University, which office he filled for the long period of forty-three years, ceasing to perform the duties only last year.—*Scotman.*

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD TUCKER, G.C.B.—Admiral Sir Edward Tucker died at his residence in Dover-street, Piccadilly, on Saturday afternoon. The deceased Admiral entered the Navy in May, 1791, and, after seeing service afloat in the Mediterranean, North America, and Cape of Good Hope, he obtained his commission as Lieutenant in May, 1799. He was present in August, 1796, at the surrender of the Dutch squadron in Saldanha Bay. After being employed in several ships on the home station, he was appointed to the Circe frigate, Captain Jonas Rose, and proceeded to the West Indies. He was made Commander in January, 1805, and obtained his post rank in March, 1807, and in September following was appointed to the Dover, 38. In that ship he served in the East Indies, and while on that station was intrusted with the command of an expedition having for its object an attack upon the Moluccas; in 1810 he captured two Dutch brigs of war off the coast of Ambony, and soon afterwards that important island surrendered to the force commanded by him. He performed other important services, and made numerous captures in those parts of the Dutch settlements, and his name was warmly praised, and the courage and sound judgment displayed by the gallant officer were honourably recorded in the *Gazettes* of 1810 and 1811. He relinquished the command of the Dover in 1811, returned home to England, and, in October, 1812, was appointed to the Surveillante. He afterwards commanded the Cornwall, 74, and Inconstant, 36, which latter ship he paid off in 1815. For his distinguished services on the East India station he was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath in 1815, and made a Grand Cross of that most honourable order in November, 1862. In January, 1858, Sir Edward was awarded a flag officer's "service pension," which by his death becomes at the disposal of the First Lord of the Admiralty. The deceased officer obtained the rank of Rear-Admiral Nov. 23, 1841; Vice-Admiral, July 8, 1851; and Admiral, July 30, 1857. The late Sir Edward, who was upwards of ninety years of age, married, in February, 1817, Miss Leake, sister of Vice-Admiral Sir Henry John Leake, K.C.B.

THE WAR IN DENMARK.

ATTACK ON DÜPPEL.—REFUSE OF THE PRUSSIAN.
On Saturday the Prussians drove the outposts of the Danish left wing behind their intrenchments, and the outposts of one of the Prussian brigades intrenched themselves within five hundred paces of the Danish works. These successes were not accomplished without a stout resistance by the Danes and some severe losses in the Prussian ranks.

On Monday morning, however (according to the Danish commander's report), the Prussians attempted to surprise and storm the whole lines, and a general engagement took place. The assailants were three times repulsed. At last, after an engagement which endured for several hours, the Prussians gave up the attack and retreated to their former positions. It is stated, in a telegram from the Danish headquarters, that the Prussian soldiers at last refused to obey their officers' commands, and positively would not come up to the assault again. Only four Danish regiments were

engaged. A Danish iron-clad vessel, lying in the bay off Düppel, took part in the engagement, and fired upon the Prussian right. The losses on both sides have been heavy. A German account of the engagement, which, however, does not appear to be official, asserts that the affair began in a Danish attempt to drive back one of the Prussian brigades which was intrenching itself in an advanced position, and that at the close of the fighting the brigade still held its place. This account, however, talks rather vaguely of the battle having been carried on "with varied success," and does not seem a very reliable narrative.

The King of Denmark has again been with the army in the field. He arrived at Alsen on the 23rd ult., and visited Düppel Hill the same evening, running some risk, it is said, from a bursting shell; and then, with his usual kindness of heart, he spent half a day in the hospitals of Augustenborg. Such attention to the wounded soldiers is keenly felt by their comrades, and Christian IX. stands well with his army. "We are safe with the King," is remarked on every side, "and the Ministers dare not betray us." His Majesty arrived at Aarhus, in Jutland, on the 28th, and at once proceeded to Randers and Fredericia.

REPORTED WITHDRAWAL OF THE ALLIES FROM FREDERICIA.

The allies are reported to have withdrawn from before Fredericia. On the 23rd a despatch from the commander of the place arrived in Copenhagen, formally announcing that the Austro-Prussians had, on the previous day, abandoned their position before the town. We have not yet received any information which would fully explain this movement, but it is supposed to be in order to concentrate at Düppel. On the other hand, a telegram from Gravenstein mentions a report that a portion of the Prussian division of the Guard had gone to Fredericia to co-operate with the Austrians in continuing the siege of that place.

THE PROPOSED CONFERENCE.

France has adhered to the project of a conference. Sweden has not yet replied. The Federal Diet has referred the invitation of England to the committees on the Schleswig-Holstein question, and will give its decision about the 1st of April. Russia desires that the Treaties of 1851 and 1852 should form the basis of the conference. The conference is expected to meet in London about the 12th inst. The *Wimmar Gazette* asserts that France has notified her determination to propose at the conference that the Treaty of London be not maintained as the basis of negotiations, but that the question of the duchies be solved by an appeal to universal suffrage.

CONDUCT OF THE ALLIES IN SCHLESWIG.

The following circular despatch has been forwarded by M. de Quade, the Danish Minister for Foreign Affairs, to the diplomatic agents of the Danish Government abroad:—

Copenhagen, March 15.

The events now taking place in the Duchy of Schleswig, under the auspices of the Austro-Prussian army, assume daily a more alarming character for the interests of the King and the future of the monarchy. It is urgent that the attention of friendly Governments should be called to the deplorable result of the policy pursued by Germany with regard to Denmark. Europe may, perhaps, recognise more clearly what are the veritable motives of the German invasion and what fate the German Government destine for one of the oldest monarchies of Europe. The rapid sketch of the acts and deeds of the Austro-Prussian authorities in Schleswig, which I am about to give in the following lines, will suffice to enable you to form a correct idea of the manner in which these two Powers are proceeding to preserve the pledge which they have come to tear from the hands of the legitimate Sovereign.

It is well known that when the great German Powers resolved to invade the duchy of Schleswig, they declared to Europe that they intended to respect the sovereignty of the King, that they would only occupy the country temporarily, and that this occupation had no further object than to furnish them with a material guarantee that the Danish Government should fulfil certain engagements contracted in the years 1851-2, regarding the equality of rights secured to the two nationalities as well as the non-incorporation of the duchy in the kingdom. Subsequently Herr von Zedlitz, the Prussian Commissioner, declared, in an ordinance of the 8th of February, that the existing laws of the duchy of Schleswig were to remain in force in so far as the operations of war and the suspension of the Royal authority did not entail exceptions to this rule; that all the functionaries who should sign a promise to obey the authority with which they were invested might *de facto* continue their functions so long as they conformed to that promise and committed no offence in or out of their official capacity; and, lastly, that all political demonstrations, of any kind whatever, should remain prohibited.

Nevertheless, the real facts which have occurred in Schleswig are in the most absolute contradiction with these declarations.

The signs of the King's sovereignty have been everywhere effaced, the Royal arms have been removed from the public buildings, and there is not even a block of stone inserted in the wall of the Townhall bearing the cipher of King Frederick VII. which has not been violently dragged out by the Prussian commander. Laws are abolished which in no way affect the operations of the war, and are not in contradiction with the temporary suspension of the Royal authority; and these laws are abolished not temporarily, but in such a manner that the new organisation bears a permanent character. Thus the arrangements made before the negotiations of 1851-2 with the view of regulating the use of languages in the churches and schools of the mixed district have been partly abolished by the ordinance of the commissioners dated Feb. 19, and the German language has become the only one authorised in the churches and schools of the greater part of that district. The former arrangements, however, took into account that the language of the people is partly Danish and partly German. By so acting the commissioners have rendered it impossible for a great number of inhabitants, speaking Danish, to hear the sermon in their mother tongue, while formerly the language used in Divine service was alternately Danish and German. By an ordinance of Feb. 22 fresh measures were taken to carry out the new system, and there is reason to believe that no scruple will be made of dismissing nearly all the curates and teachers of the elementary schools in the parishes in question. In two of the colleges of the duchy nearly all the professors have been driven from their posts. One of these colleges has been reopened with professors hostile to the King's Government and inaugurated by revolutionary hymns; the other remains closed. Functionaries of the Royal Government are dismissed en masse, even when they have signed and observed the undertaking relative to obedience to the authority of the commissioners. In the south-eastern portion of the duchy the superior authority has been confided to a man who in 1849 was the War Minister of the insurrectional Government; and in the south-western portion it is placed in the hands of a man who signed an address to the insurrectional Government requesting that the duchy of Schleswig should be withdrawn from any connection whatever with the Danish Monarchy.

These two men appoint persons at their pleasure to all the offices of the southern part of the country. The individuals whom the commissioners invest with the public functions in the other parts of the country are also, with few exceptions, persons who have already given proofs of revolutionary tendencies. On mendacious informations a number of respectable magistrates and functionaries have been imprisoned and treated with the utmost indignity on suspicion of being spies. Since the beginning of February M. Blaufeldt, a magistrate, has been, notwithstanding his being sixty-five years old, tied and dragged on foot between two horsemen to Rendsburg, where the sentinels on guard showed him for money to the populace of the place. Four clergy of the middle and eastern portion of Schleswig have been arrested in their houses and put in prison, where they were thrown on straw in damp cellars in the midst of Prussian soldiers accused of theft. Revolutionary demonstrations, such as the proclamation of the Pretender and the departure of the deputations charged to compliment him, are organised openly without meeting with the least hindrance on the part of the military or civil invading authorities, while they take care to prevent and repress by vexatious proceedings every loyal protest or manifestation on the part of the great majority of the population remaining faithful to the King. Nowhere is the ancient flag of the country tolerated, while the commissioners have given express permission to hoist the flags and cockade which during the insurrection of 1848 served as symbols of the rebellion against the legitimate Government. Even the monument in the cemetery of Flensburg, sacred to the memory of the warriors who perished in fighting for the cause of the King, has not been respected. Even under the eyes of the Commissioners of Austria and Prussia a band of workmen from Holstein were allowed to mutilate and demolish this work of art, the position of which, in the midst of a place sacred to the dead, ought to have protected it from all insult. These facts form the most violent contrast with the intentions which the great German Powers had announced to Europe, and of which their representatives in the duchy should secure the fulfilment; and seeing the zeal with which the commissioners support, often by the most unjust and arbitrary means, all the efforts made by the seditious faction of the population for the incorporation of Schleswig with Germany, it will not be difficult to discover the solution of this enigma, or to recognise the ambitious projects concealed under the declarations by which the German Powers endeavour to reassure the consciences of the other States of Europe.

THE DANISH MEMORIAL LION AT FLENSBURG.

In the midst of all their sorrows and sacrifices the indignation of the Danes has been greatly roused by the intelligence that has been received of the wanton demolition of the colossal monument of granite and bronze which was some years ago erected, by con-

tributions collected throughout the whole country, over the graves in the cemetery of Flensburg of the officers and men who fell in the first three years' war in defence of their King and country. Shortly after the close of the former Dano-German war, the subscription referred to above was opened for the purpose of erecting memorials to the officers and soldiers who fell in the battles at Fredericia and Idstedt, where the invaders were defeated. One memorial was erected at Fredericia, in Jutland, and another at Flensburg, in Schleswig, which latter was in the form of a colossal lion, and was always an eyesore to the German portion of the inhabitants. Two or three days after the occupation of Flensburg by the Austro-Prussians, some German burghers of that town, who were whiling away the evening over pots of Bavarian beer brewed in Schleswig, decided on the downfall of the Lion of Idstedt. After midnight these enthusiastic patriots, accompanied, it is said, by one or two foreigners who were rather curious than enthusiastic, mustered, by appointment, around the lionine memorial. Over their cups it had seemed to them a light matter to upset the emblem of Danish triumph and German disaster; but they had reckoned without the weight of the lion. The bronze monster, firm on his granite pedestal, seemed to contemplate with scorn the handful of pigmies assembled in the snowdrift before him, and who were not even provided with the necessary implements for the contemplated assault upon his position. The conspirators went home crestfallen, and the lion remained intact. Since then, however, the attack has been renewed with more adequate means and a commencement of success. A letter of the 23rd, from Flensburg, relates that on the previous night a number of persons, chiefly machine-makers from Altona, went to the churchyard with levers and pulleys to remove the lion from his pedestal and convey him on a waggon to Altona. The lion had already been moved to a distance of a couple of feet, in the course of which operation his tail was pulled off, when a guard of soldiers entered the churchyard and arrested four of the ringleaders in this audacious abduction. The chief of the police, however, released them the next morning with a promise that the lion should soon be taken down and away. Accordingly, with the consent of the German Civil Commissioners for the duchy, the obnoxious lion has been removed from its site in the churchyard, and, it is said, placed in a shed out of view of the populace. This proceeding has naturally caused a great deal of irritation among the Danes, and in a late number of the *Fæderlandet* there is an article from the pen of the learned Frederick Schiern, the professor of history at Copenhagen, "On the Vandalism of the Demolition of the Sepulchral Monument at Flensburg," in which a retrospect is taken of the carrying away or of the destruction of monuments of art in conquered countries; and attention is directed to the practice which, though abandoned after the times of the Romans, had been again introduced by Napoleon I. in his ever memorable Italian campaigns, when he collected booty for the glorification of Paris and of France, and which he subsequently continued to follow, at the expense of Germany, after the battles of Austerlitz and Jena. The professor reminds his readers of the indignation which the Germans then poured forth against such "Vandalism," when, among others, Schiller, the most national of German poets, denounced the conduct of the French in his celebrated lines:—

Was der Griechen Kunst erschaffen
Mag der Franke mit den Waffen
Führen nach der Seine Strand, &c.

He likewise refers to the years 1814 and 1815, when, at the fall of Napoleon, the allied troops entered Paris, and General Muffling became the Prussian commandant of that capital; and when the Prussians, not satisfied with getting back their celebrated "Victoria and the Quadriga," which now adorns their Brandenburg Gate at Berlin, were so incensed against the bridge of Jena that they had mined it, and, but for the timely intervention of the Emperor Alexander, would have blown it up. He calls to mind, also, the "Waterloo Lion," and the several German monuments in that celebrated battle-field; and mentions that, while on their march past them in 1831-2, during the war between Holland and Belgium, the French army, though they might have totally destroyed them, then honourably abstained from doing them any injury.

And thus, continues the professor, the threatening lion at Waterloo has to this day maintained its position, notwithstanding the march of the French troops into Belgium; but the quietly-existing "Lion of Idstedt," at the cemetery of Flensburg, has been destroyed as soon as the Austro-Prussian troops have invaded Schleswig. In Flensburg there is a German Commandant, and it need not be told that the violent work of destruction which has been carried on has had the tacit, if not the direct, approval of the military chiefs there. The abduction of monuments at the beginning of the century had led Schiller to say, "to the Vandals they are but stone;" but what would he have said if he had lived to see a monument, erected for the defensive war of a small people on a soil which had never formed part of the German empire or of the confederation, pulled down by his own vandalised countrymen, and destroyed in such a manner as to be broken to pieces before it was dragged away from the graves of the heroes it covered?

PRUSSIANS AT THE MILL OF KROPP.

Windmills appear to be prominent objects both in the landscape and in the operations of the armies in Schleswig and Jutland. There is one within the Danish lines at Düppel, which is the favourite resort of those who wish to have a good view of the operations there. Another, at Kroppe, a little to the south of Schleswig, became an important position during the advance of the Prusso-Austrian army, and (as shown in our Engraving) was a favourite post from which to reconnoitre the movements of the Danes.

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE PRUSSIAN BATTERIES AND THE DANISH IRONCLAD ROLF KRAKE.

For the protection of the bridge across the Eckersunde, batteries were erected at Alnoer and at Hollnis and mounted with 12-pounders. Early in the morning the sentries posted on the batteries discerned a light cloud of smoke, indicating the approach of a steamer, which was presently ascertained to be the ironclad Rolf Krake, commanded by Captain Kundsen, one of the most distinguished officers in the Danish Navy. As soon as the vessel came within sight, the battery at Hollnis, commanded by Lieutenant Mente, opened upon her a smart fire, but without much effect. The Rolf Krake glided smoothly past Hollnis, as if considering it not worth while to answer the attack from the battery. Her object evidently was first to silence the guns on the battery of Alnoer, and afterwards to lend assistance in the destruction of the bridge. Within the distance of about eight hundred paces before Eckersunde the Rolf Krake fired heavy shells upon the battery. The guns of Alnoer had by this time commenced firing on the steamer, but at first without much effect, owing to the distance. The Rolf Krake returned the fire, discharging two guns simultaneously, with a short pause between each fire, and then turned in the direction of the bridge, against which she opened a heavy bombardment. However, little was done, either by assailants or defenders, though the balls fired in the direction of the village occasioned considerable mischief. A farmhouse was shattered by two Danish grenades, one of which weighed upwards of 70 lb. Some other shots, aimed at the intrenchments of the batteries, flew over the roof of the powder-magazine, but without causing an explosion.

After the conflict had been maintained for about the space of an hour, a little disaster befel the Rolf Krake; she sprang a leak in her stern, and the crew were seen actively engaged in pumping. Her firing gradually ceased, and she steered her course in the direction of the open sea. At Hollnis the Prussian balls again assailed her, and she lost her helm. As soon as she got beyond range of the battery guns, her commander hailed the Danish steam-tug, and the Rolf Krake remained for several hours stationary and apparently engaged in repairing her damage.

The Danes state that the reason the Rolf Krake did not succeed in her object of destroying the bridge was not the severity of the Prussian fire, but the fact that there was not water enough to enable her to get sufficiently near to fire with effect. Our Engraving represents the interior of the Prussian batteries while the action was in progress.

TROPHIES OF THE WAR.

The allies appear anxious to make the most of the war trophies, especially the captured guns, which have fallen into their hands.

Some time ago the Prussians sent to Berlin several cannon which they had taken; and it was expected that the people would have shown great enthusiasm when those trophies were first exposed to view. In this, however, the authorities were disappointed, as the populace of the Prussian capital happened just then to be in the sulks with the King for having interfered with the progress of the movement in favour of the Prince of Augustenburg, and the Danish guns were allowed to be displayed without any exhibition of feeling whatever. In Holstein and the southern portion of Schleswig, however, it is different, as the arrival of any such spoils of war in the principal towns is always hailed with a certain degree of popular satisfaction. One such is portrayed in our captured cannon arriving at Schleswig. The Danish guns, unfortunately, are trophies and little else, as, from their inferiority, they are of little use for practical purposes. A letter from the Danish lines at Düppel suggests that the sympathisers with Denmark in England should send a few Whitworth guns to the army of King Christian, as at once the most effective and acceptable shape in which they could express their feelings. Perhaps the hint may be taken by some of our countrymen whose hearts are ever ready to sympathise with, and whose pockets are ever open to aid, those who suffer from oppression and wrong.

AUSTRIAN ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION.

The Engraving on page 220 represents an incident which occurred during the advance of the Austrians into Jutland. A brigade of field-guns was ordered to the front to dislodge a party of Danes who threatened to oppose the progress of the troops, and the artillerymen at once dashed forward. Some of the pieces had been got to the crest of an eminence which commanded the Danish position, and had opened fire. The others were hurrying up, when one of the drivers was hit, and immediately tumbled from his saddle, stopping, of course, the progress of his gun. The mishap was speedily remedied, however, and the piece got into position in time to aid the attack and disperse the Danes.

THE PRUSSIAN GUARDS AT FRIEDRICHSANBAU.

The Prussian Guard regiment "Queen Auguste" was serving some time since as Repli at the little village of Friedrichsanbau, between Kropp and Gross-Reide, and were quartered in one of the houses. A repli, it may be mentioned, is a post or a position on which several advanced posts fall back for the purpose of offering the first resistance in the event of a sudden attack of the enemy. The night was pitch dark, and the Danish advanced posts, within half gun range, were performing the night patrol duty, over a terrain which was a perfect network of earth walls and trenches; yet the utmost quietude and regularity prevailed. At the repli all was cheerfulness and good humour; every man, in his own way, enjoying welcome rest, and making himself as comfortable as possible. The self-complacency of the Sergeant-Major seemed to increase whenever he cast a gratified glance at the smoke-dried bacon which hung from the ceiling; and his gallant compliments encouraged the bustling landlady to distribute among her guests the little which the Danes had left behind them.

KOLDING CASTLE AND TOWN, DANISH JUTLAND.

The view of Kolding from the road which enters the town from the south is striking and beautiful. Towering high above the town, which lies in a deep valley at your feet, are the ruins of a fine old castle, which forms the most prominent object in the landscape. To the left or west of the town runs a ridge of hills, without wood, but green to the top. The ridge, which runs from east to west as far as the eye can reach, bounds the northern horizon, while between this eastern continuation and a parallel range of green-clad eminences on the south runs the Kolding Fjord or Haven. The view down the bay looking from the town eastward is picturesque in the extreme, and stretching across the mouth of the harbour, the hilly and well-wooded shores of the island of Funen, distant not nine miles from Kolding, are distinctly visible with the naked eye. The waters between the shore of Funen and the headland at the mouth of Kolding Bay are those of the Little Belt; and here occasionally Danish ships of war may be seen passing on voyages between Alsen and Fredericia.

Kolding Castle was founded in 1248 by Duke Abel, the son of Valdemar II., and was extended and fortified by King Erik Glipping and his successors. It was formerly held in great estimation, as in the edict issued in 1320 for the demolition of all castles in North Jutland it is mentioned as one of three chosen to be spared. The tower, a portion of which is still remaining, is 76 ft. high, 24 ft. broad, and was built in the reign of Christian IV. The castle suffered much in the wars of 1627 and 1644. It was repaired and considerably altered by King Frederick III. in 1658. It was occupied by the Swedes, but on Christmas Day, 1658, was taken by storm by the Poles. In an account of the storming given by a Polish nobleman who was present the castle at that time is described as being of considerable importance, containing costly furniture, noble statues, and expensive decorations.

The Danish kings held the castle in such estimation that it was soon repaired and inhabited. Many Royal marriages, births, and deaths, and important councils have taken place within its walls.

At the time Denmark was at war with England, in 1808, Jutland was occupied by French and Spanish troops. At this time a number of Spanish troops were quartered in the castle, and, not being used to this northern climate, they kindled large fires and burnt the castle, some say by accident, other reports say purposely, to wreak vengeance on their commander.

There is a vault under the tower, called the "Swedish vault," in which, according to a legend, King Albert of Sweden was confined. In this vault a circular stone table stood, round which an indenture or furrow was seen, said to be caused by the King's fingers in moving about in the solitude of his prison. His food was passed through a hole in the ceiling. The legend also says that when Queen Margaret went out riding the King was led forth from his prison and made to kneel down and serve as a mounting-stool for the Queen.

There is another curious legend mentioned in an old Danish work on the castle. It is that of a Princess who was discovered by her father to have had a secret correspondence with a man much below her in station. The father ordered the man to be executed, and compelled his daughter to witness the execution from an alcove of the castle. The father then ordered as a punishment that she should be danced to death. Three cavaliers, in one account, and nine in another, are mentioned as having been ordered to assist in this Dance of Death. They danced throughout the night without intermission, and when the cavaliers left the castle in the morning, the Princess was exhausted with fatigue; the blood, heated by the violent exertion, streamed from her mouth; and she fell lifeless in the alcove whence she had been an unwilling observer of her lover's execution.

The castle is now in a very shaky condition, many of the walls being considerably out of the perpendicular.

The town of Kolding dates probably from the tenth or eleventh century. The number of Kings who have resided in the castle, and the Court having been held there, tended much to the prosperity of the town. It has been rather unfortunate, for when not the scene of actual war it was constantly occupied by hiring troops; and suffered much between the years 1627 and 1659.

On the 3rd of May, 1848, it was occupied by the Prussians under the command of Wrangel, who remained until the 28th of May. On the 20th of April, 1849, the Schleswig-Holstein army came in after a slight resistance by the Danes, who retreated; but on the 23rd of April returned, and, after a desperate fight in the streets, courtyards, and even in the rooms of the houses, the invaders were forced to withdraw to the hills on the south of the town, on the Schleswig boundary, whence they began to bombard the town. The bombardment continued for four or five hours, numerous houses were burnt, and many of the inhabitants wounded; but, strange to say, none were killed. The Schleswig-Holstein army again re-occupied the town, and remained for fifteen weeks, until the battle of Fredericia, when the Danes drove them out of the town.

The Prussians entered once more on the 18th of February, 1864. Preparations were made for resisting them; but the townspeople appealed to the Danish commander not to expose the town to injury,



THE WAR IN DENMARK: PRUSSIAN GUARDS RECONNOITRING THE DANISH POSITION FROM THE MILL AT KROPPE.



INTERIOR OF THE PRUSSIAN BATTERY AT ALNOER DURING THE ENGAGEMENT WITH THE DANISH CUPOLA-SHIP ROLF KRAKE.—(FROM SKETCHES BY AUGUSTUS BECK)

as it could not be held; and the Danes accordingly withdrew some hours before the Prussians advanced. Some slight outpost engagements, however, took place outside the town.

Everything in the way of business at Kolding is at a standstill. The post is stopped for all except the military. The pressure and burdens of the war upon the inhabitants of Jutland, now at the mercy of the soldiery, are, if they continue much longer, calculated to plunge the country into the deepest poverty and distress. The town and district of Kolding, containing about 4000 inhabitants, pays nearly 2000 dollars a day to purchase food for the soldiers of the allied army quartered in the neighbourhood; and this at the same time that all trade is stopped, and almost every room in every house is occupied

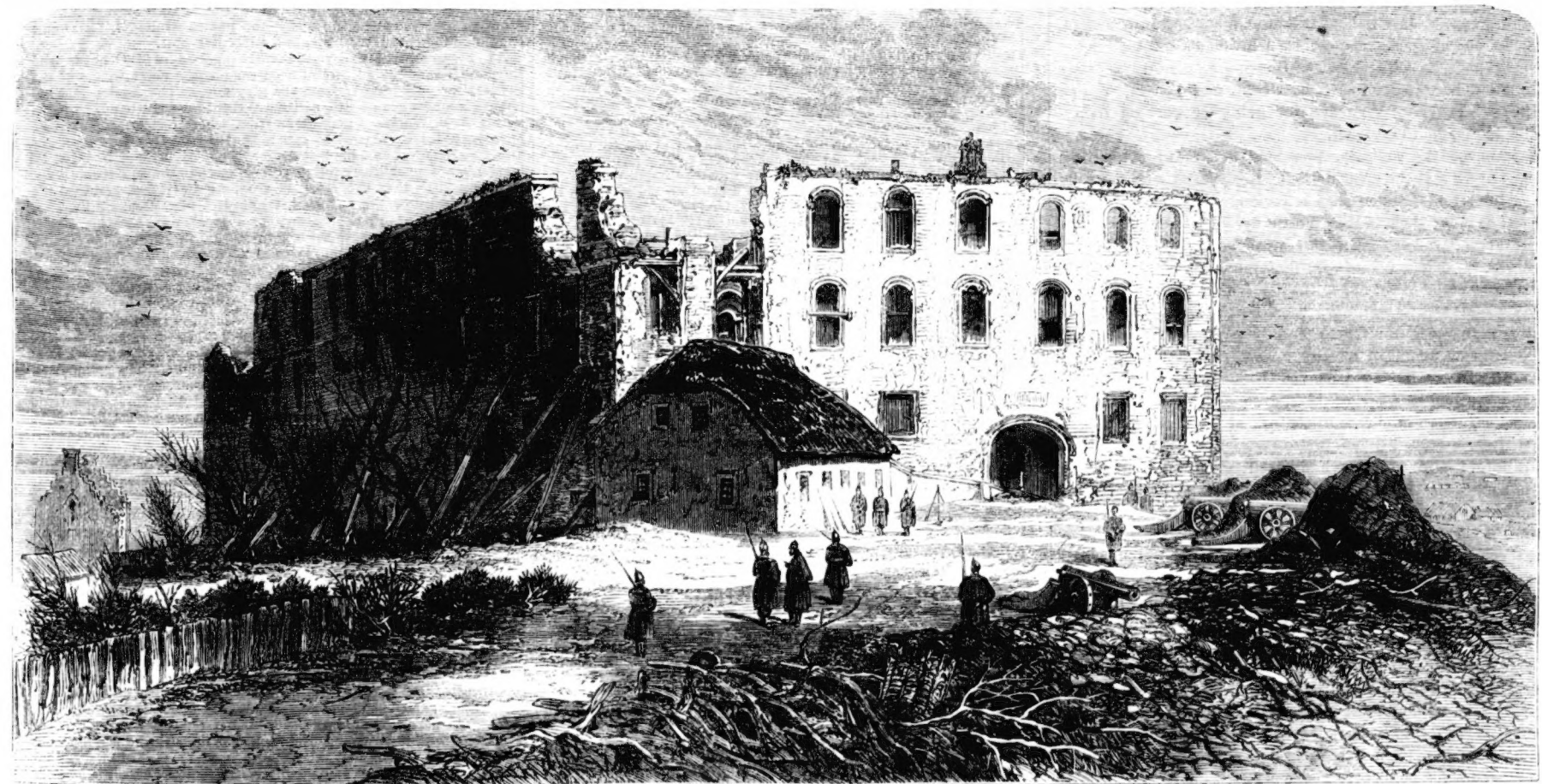
by Prussian and Austrian troops. One of the latest of Wrangel's requisitions was that the town of Kolding should at once furnish its share of the 30,000 pairs of boots which had been levied on Jutland for the use of the allies.

Wrangel's head-quarters are at Kolding, as are also those of the Crown Prince, General Gablenz's head-quarters being at Vejle.

An obelisk set up by the Danes at Kolding, in honour of those who fell in defending the national cause during the last war, was blown up with gunpowder on the 18th ult. The monument, which stood but a few miles from the town, on a conspicuous eminence near Skamlingsbank, on the Schleswig side of the Bay of Kolding, was raised by a public subscription, and was only finished last autumn.



ARRIVAL OF CAPTURED DANISH CANNON IN SCHLESWIG.—(FROM A SKETCH BY AUGUSTUS BECK.)



KOLDING CASTLE, NORTH SCHLESWIG, WITH PRUSSIAN BATTERY IN FRONT.



BARRICADE NEAR KOLDING.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

A VOLUNTEER REVIEW upon Easter Monday appears to be now established among the popular institutions of the country. Not only do the volunteers themselves embrace with delight the opportunity for a day's experience of military labour, but the public also take a pride and delight in witnessing the disciplined persistence of their manful neighbours and possible defenders.

The review at Guildford was carried out despite of certain peculiarly adverse local influences. On the one hand, Brighton was clamoured for as the most eligible locality for the display; on the other, strong claims were put forth on behalf of Epsom. Why Blackheath, in Surrey, should be selected was a secret known only to a knot of commanding officers, not ordinarily admitting the general body as sharers in their councils. Then it was rumoured that the reason why Brighton was not again chosen was a matter of political revenge for the contumacy of its electors, who had recently chosen a candidate in opposition to the Government. We do not ourselves attach much weight to this insinuation. Perhaps, of all places upon our island, there is not one in which a march under arms can be rendered so insupportably fatiguing as at Brighton. The normal condition of its atmosphere is sultry in the extreme; and the whole district abounds with a white calcareous substance, which not only afflicts the sight by its glaring whiteness, but, when pounded by traffic, becomes transformed into a white dust, which appears to obey a law of its nature by making for the human eye. There is nothing whatever picturesque or romantic about Brighton. The streets are modern, the Pavilion hideous. The cliffs are artificial, and the sea has neither sands nor harbour. The Downs are only dreary wastes of hill and dale, undiversified by woods, glens, rivers, or even villages. They are very well for galloping over on liverly-stable hacks, and that is all.

Epsom, on the contrary, presented too many attractions. It was urged that the great national race-ground was so easily accessible from London that a review might easily attract almost as many thousands as the Derby. This fact, which was most earnestly dwelt upon by the advocates of Epsom, was really the strongest point in its disfavour. Amid a crowd one quarter so great as that upon the heath on a Derby Day military manoeuvres would have been simply impossible. It is quite a different matter to keep the ground required for strategic movements of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, from maintaining for racing purposes the comparatively narrow belt of inclosed turf, upon which, even without hindrance by the police, none would care to venture at the imminent risk of their lives.

Guildford also certainly had its disadvantages, but they were such as rather to test the spirit and endurance of the volunteers under conditions to be fairly anticipated in a campaign. There was little of which a sturdy-limbed pedestrian need complain, though the ground was savagely rough, and the accommodation scanty enough for those who may have hoped to spare themselves some discomfort by sleeping in the town in anticipation of the morning's duty. But we cannot too gravely deprecate the conduct of the railway authorities, who kept thousands of volunteers, fatigued with a hard day's work, waiting outside a tramway exposed for hours to a pitiless driving rain, without even a board for shelter, and afterwards forced them into open carriages, for a dreary journey, halting them, moreover, upon a high bridge above the Westminster Bridge-road, for no discoverable cause, within a few yards of their destination. Hundreds of the passengers would have gladly alighted at Vauxhall; but this opportunity was as unreasonably yet as obstinately denied as the delay upon the most dangerous part of the line was enforced.

It is, to our thinking, one of the noblest characteristics of a volunteer review that much personal hardship is reckoned upon by every member of the corps. No one expects that the day will be any but one of sheer hard labour, aggravated by casual inconveniences, and mitigated only by the high spirits and genial good-humour of the men themselves, and by cordial demonstration of good-fellowship and appreciation on the part of the public. The day's hard work passes not unrewarded. Every volunteer who takes a part in it feels that he has contributed to his country's history and to the maintenance of the national honour. He finds his own profit, despite of weather, railway mismanagement, and personal toil, in an increased confidence in himself and his nation, even in his own physical capacities, improved by development. It has been said again and again that even our regular soldiers would not be submitted in time of peace to such exertions in one day's exercise as those so cheerfully undergone by our volunteers. Already indications have been manifested that the manner in which the riflemen perform their duties has afforded useful hints to the military authorities. And there is one moral which must force itself upon even the most casually-observant mind in reference to this subject; and that is, that good hard work, docility, submission to command, and capability for self-

sacrifice are virtues commanding the respect, esteem, and applause of every class of the community, from the highest in the land to the humblest spectator who cannot restrain a shout of hearty approbation as, with steady, measured tread, the volunteers march along. "Ces volontaires dont l'Angleterre est si fière"—we once read of them in a French journal. And truly England has good reason to be proud of such volunteers as ours have proved themselves to be.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN visited the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Kensington on Wednesday. Her Majesty appeared to be in excellent health and greatly improved spirits.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, the infant son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, has had the operation of vaccination successfully performed upon him.

THE LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE, mother of the Queen of Denmark, died on Monday morning, aged sixty-five.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has created Christian IX. of Denmark a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

ADMIRAL PENAUD died at Toulon, on Saturday last, of acute inflammation of the liver.

THE KING OF WURTEMBERG is so ill as to be unable to transact business. The prerogatives of the Crown have been transferred to the Council of Ministers, the Crown Prince to preside in the Council and sign documents in his Majesty's name.

A MEMORIAL WINDOW is to be placed in York Minster to Mr. Justice Wightman, who died at York at the time of the last Assizes.

CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN, C.B., has been nominated to command the iron-clad cupola-ship Royal Sovereign.

THE NEW BISHOP OF ELY, Dr. Edward Harold Browne, was consecrated in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday—the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of St. David's, and other high dignitaries of the Church, taking part in the ceremony.

SIR FRANCIS BARING has given formal notice of his intention to retire from the representation of Portsmouth at the next general election. Mr. Serjeant Gaselee has announced himself as a candidate in the Liberal interest.

GENERAL NEAL DOW has been released by the Confederates, and has arrived at Fortress Monroe.

AT GENEVA it is proposed to celebrate the tercentenary of Calvin, the reformer.

MR. WILLIAM BAIRD, of Gartsherrie, has left behind him a fortune of two millions sterling.

MR. T. P. COOKE, for so long associated with the world of entertainment, is lying dangerously ill, and fears are entertained of his recovery.

THE *Scotsman* states that it has been arranged by the Conservatives that the leadership of the party is to rest with General Peel, Mr. Disraeli to be the leading debater. [This is believed to be a mere canard.]

LITZ, the celebrated pianist, has, it is said, in disgust with life, entered the Convent of St. Onofrio, at Rome.

A MEMORIAL to commemorate the long and distinguished services of Lord Combermere is proposed to be erected in Cheshire, in which county Combermere Abbey is situated.

A CHAIR OF CELTIC LITERATURE is proposed to be established in the University of Edinburgh, and a committee has been appointed to consider the best mode of securing the object.

THE LAST REMAINING of the County Shipwreck Associations—viz., that in Lincolnshire—has resolved on uniting itself to the National Life-boat Institution.

WHILE A GENTLEMAN IN KIRKWALL was eating oysters the other day, he came upon one containing seven pearls, one of which is nearly as large as a flying pea.

MESSRS. GLASS, ELLIOT, AND CO. have contracted to lay the Atlantic cable in the summer of 1865, and they guarantee to do so at their own risk, and also to keep it in perfect order for twelve months subsequently.

ALEXANDER HAY, Esq., of Glasgow, has decided on presenting to the National Life-boat Institution £400 to pay the cost of a life-boat and transporting-carriage, to be stationed at Girvan, on the Ayrshire coast.

THE SWISS ENVOY IN JAPAN has informed the Federal Council of Switzerland that the draught of a commercial treaty between the Republic and Japan is prepared, but is not yet signed.

DURING LAST MONTH SPECIE to the value of 6,690,358 dols. passed over the Isthmus of Panama from California for England, and to the value of 1,384,048 dols. for New York.

A LANDSLIP took place a few days since near Weymouth, by which about seven acres of land fell into the sea.

THE KING OF DENMARK has declined what he calls the "chivalrous offer" of a Cork gentleman, named O'Leary, to raise an Irish Cent Guard for service in Denmark. "In the present situation of affairs," says his Majesty, "the bravery of the Royal army will compensate for the want of numbers."

A TREATY has been concluded between the United States and Great Britain for the settlement of the claims of the Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Companies under the Treaty of 1846. The ratifications of this treaty were exchanged at Washington on the 3rd ult.

THE SCHOONER BRITANNIA, of Carmarthen, was run into a few days ago, while at anchor in Redwharf Bay, by an American schooner, and immediately sunk, carrying three men down with her. The American vessel passed on without taking any notice of the cries of the crew of the sunken ship.

A CAMEL GAVE BIRTH TO A FINE MALE CALF, at Manchester, a few days ago. After attempting to kick and bite her offspring the camel took kindly to the young one and suckled it, having an abundant supply of milk. This is believed to be only the second instance of the birth of a camel of this species in this country.

AN AUSTRIAN COUNTESS, aged seventeen, niece of one of the highest State officials, shot herself through the body a few days ago. In her possession was found a letter from her lover, in which he stated that circumstances would not allow him to fulfil his promise to marry her, and that he therefore released her from her vows.

AT CADIZ a company is being formed for cutting a ship canal from some point in Trafalgar Bay to the Mediterranean, so as to afford means of transit for weather-bound vessels lying off the straits.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER has issued a ukase which enables Russian ladies to contract marriages with foreigners without his previous consent, and to retain the ownership of their lands after such marriages. The naturalisation of foreigners as Russian subjects is likewise to be somewhat facilitated.

CHARLES SHIELDS, a native of the county of Down, was in early life unfortunate in business. He left Ireland to cast his lot among Englishmen, and, settling in Liverpool, amassed a large fortune. He honourably discharged all his Irish debts; and on his death, not long since, having no near relatives, he left over £120,000 for the erection of almshouses in different parts of Ireland.

A FEW DAYS AGO a fine large eagle made a descent on Braehour and carried off a lamb in its talons to a neighbouring height. The farmer, who had observed the eagle's flight, followed after it, accompanied by the ewe whose young had been stolen. Arrived at the eminence, the eagle flew off, leaving the lamb skipping about but little the worse for its aerial journey.

A FIRE took place in the warehouse of Messrs. Pewtress, the extensive paper-manufacturers, in Gracechurch-street, on Tuesday, during which great fears were entertained for the banks in Lombard-street, which the warehouse closely adjoins. The conflagration, however, was got under before it had consumed all the premises where it originated and to which it was confined.

THE TOMB OF KING JOSEPH, the eldest brother of Napoleon I., and formerly King of Spain, has just been completed at the Invalides, in the chapel to the right of the Emperor's tomb. The ex-King's remains will shortly be transferred to the new tomb from the vault in which they were deposited, in 1862, when brought from Florence, where King Joseph died, in 1846.

THAT GREAT ENGLISH INSTITUTION, horse-racing, seems to be extending itself rapidly in the world. Paris, Cairo, and Constantinople have each taken lately to patronising the Turf, and last week Naples "follows suit." Will other English institutions and ideas progress as rapidly?

TWO PARISIANS recently married, one a beautiful, the other an extremely frightful woman. They were discussing the merits of their wives. Said the one who had espoused the beauty, "Your wife is so very ugly!" "Ah! yes," replied the other; but "if not externally beautiful, she is beautiful within." "Then," answered the first, "why don't you turn her inside out?"

LATE POSTAGE AT RAILWAY STATIONS.—In order to afford the public the means of posting letters and newspapers for most of the principal mails despatched from London up to the latest possible time, the Postmaster-General has made arrangements for receiving such letters and newspapers at the railway stations from which the mails are respectively despatched on payment with each (except when otherwise specified) of a late fee of sixpence. The fee, as well as the postage, must be prepaid in stamps.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Lounger, indeed! The word implies laziness, and luxury, and leisure, and cool, comfortable ease. Here have I been, for the last few days, visiting two and three theatres a night (Nature has endowed me with a strong constitution, and I have great powers of endurance), doing battle with box-keepers, elbowing the British public for seats, braving broken necks from drunken cabmen, and going through all sorts of discomfort, hustle, bustle, jostle, fatigue, hurry, and worry. Lounger! I ought rather to be called a rusher or a one-man expedition.

My space is so limited that I cannot give a detailed account of the revival of "Henry IV." at DRURY LANE. Indeed, a production of such importance requires—as it shall have—a carefully-considered criticism in a future Number. I must content myself for the present by saying that the play was excellently acted and magnificently mounted. The battle scene will be one of the sights of London for weeks to come. *Bravi*, Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton, for choosing the most domestic-historical of our poet's plays for the celebration of his three hundredth birthday—for procuring the highest available talent for the cast—and for turning the spacious stage of Drury to such admirable account! Next week it will be a pleasant task to speak of the chivalry of mad Hotspur and his friends, and the very jolly evenings at the Boar's Head.

At the HAYMARKET Dunderary is still Dunderary for the 450. something time. Most probably, his swinish imbecility will attain a five hundredth birthday. Mr. Burnand's burlesque of "Venus and Adonis" is, to my mind, the best thing that has yet proceeded from his pen. The parodies, the puns, and the fun, though fast and furious, are of a high class, and, as I thought, rather over the heads of the audience. I must mention that both Jupiter and Pluto are "made up" à la Napoleon 3ème; and that, when the Cloud Compeller informs Venus that she must marry Vulcan, the goddess exclaims,

Marry a blacksmith! leave my kin and kith,
To change from Venus into Mrs. Smith!

The F.-C. Burnandian and-Louisa-Keeleyan Adonis is a compromise between Cupid and Tony Lumpkin. Miss Nelly Moore made a most favourable impression as Venus. I cannot attempt to do justice to the beauty of the costumes, the scenery, or faces on the Olympian side of the footlights.

A capital farce has been produced at the PRINCESS'S, called "Drawing-room, Second Floor, and Attic," which begins, as its title would suggest, at the top of a house, descends to the story below, pauses on the staircase, and finishes in the drawing-room. The hero makes his first appearance from the mouth of one chimneypot and shortly after makes a second escape down the mouth of another. Everybody is in hot water, and everybody is jealous of everybody else. The imbroglia is so complicated that it would be impossible to describe it, although perfectly comprehensible when the dramatic pell-mell is going on before your eyes. The actors and actresses all worked with a will, and the farce was a great success. Its author is Mr. John Maddison Morton, of Box and Cox-ian, Pillicoddian, and Bonnycastellated celebrity. I believe that Drawing-room, Second Floor, &c., is "taken from the French." There hangs about it a strong bouquet of the Palais Royal, and the dramatic personæ seem to suggest the names of Ravel, Levasseur, Grasset, Brasseur, Hyacinthe, and l'Heritier-Soit.

As I thought, Mr. Byron's extravaganza of "Orpheus and Eurydice" runs too successful a career for the management of the STRAND to withdraw it from the playbills. The Easter Monday tribute is a new comediatta, called "Hunt for a Husband," written by Mr. J. P. Wooler, a gentleman from whose former productions I have been led to expect so much that I am free to confess my disappointment at this his last dramatic contribution. Not that its incidents are unskillfully put together, or that the equivocal is not ingenious, but that the story is too long in telling, and that the dialogue is below the author's standard. Mr. Wooler's lines are wont to sparkle; in the "Hunt for a Husband" they are almost dull. I never did care to see a man dressed up in woman's clothes, and when the plot and the humour of a piece hinges on this objectionable "reminder" of the difference of the sexes it is a farce, a whole farce, and nothing but a farce, and not a comediatta.

ASTLEY'S opened on Easter Monday with two new pieces. The first, which is entitled "Rosalie, or the Chain of Crime," is a drama of the most melodramatic proportions and exaggerations. Sensation is a very good thing in its way; but a drama all sensation is as cloying as would be a plumpudding all plums. The incidents in "Rosalie" are so unskillfully strung together as to bear external evidence of unpractised dramatic-French-translatorship, and the dialogue would appear to have been written with a knife and fork. Per contra—the scenery is beautiful. There is an admirable representation of the behind-the-scenes of a theatre, and when the curtain of the mimic playhouse is drawn up, a densely-packed audience in box, pit, and gallery is seen facing the positive and actual auditorium. The illusion is so perfect that one can imagine that he sees the reflection in an enormous mirror. The shipwreck in the third act is the very best effect of that kind ever seen; the enormous size of the vessel, the watery surface of the waves, the crowded deck, the shrieks for aid, the roar of waters, and the howl of the wind were almost too real; nor must I forget the lighthouse, with its revolving light, that cast an alternate red and yellow glare over the drowning victims. Still the piece itself is uninteresting, and Messrs. Edgar, Gresham, Shaw, and Miss Clifford who all acted excellently, were fettered by the poverty of the materials at their disposal. The notable feature of the evening was the appearance of Miss Teresa Furtado, who is the star of this theatre. The part of Rosalie, although unworthy of her talents, afforded her sufficient opportunity to display tragic powers of a high order. At her first entrance her personal charms and fascination of manner created a strong feeling in her favour, and the applause she received throughout the performance reached its culminating point in the scene where, friendless and abandoned, she stood before the park-gates of the mansion of her former friend and exclaimed, "I have no home!" in an accent of despairing pathos that melted the female portion of the audience and forced the sterner sex to knit their brows lest they should be found guilty of being betrayed into the feminine weakness of sympathy with distress. Miss Furtado and Mr. Edgar were called for at the end of the third act, and again at the conclusion of the piece. A *diable* or *ferrie*, called "The Trap of Gold," concluded the entertainments; but, as I did not stay to see it, of course I cannot speak as to its merits.

Omitting the first and the last piece, both novelties, at the ROYALTY, I can only mention that Mr. Burnand's Easter offering is an extravaganza founded upon a German legend by the Brothers Grimm, and entitled "Rumpelstiltskin; or, the Woman at the Wheel." It is written with the author's usual force and spirit, and the scenery is beautiful. Mr. Edmund Edmunds (a new face to London), as the dwarf hero, Rumpelstiltskin, a goblin sprite of the customary grotesque form and vicious temper, made a deserved and genuine success.

At the GRECIAN THEATRE Miss Edith Heraud has created a furor as Deborah, another version of "Leah." I hear so highly of this performance that I intend visiting the City-road for the purpose of reporting on it.

There is a very clever troupe of equestrians at the ALHAMBRA. The horsemanship of M^{lle}. Blanche Thompson and of M^{lle}. Louise Loiset is singularly graceful, and little Master George Thompson is, without a particle of playbill exaggeration, a veritable infant Blondin. His performance on the rope—I beg its pardon, the *cords elastique*—is a thing that should be seen by every young lady or gentleman home for the Easter holidays.

When I reported a week or so ago that Mrs. Howard Paul was to appear in a burlesque at the ST. JAMES'S I was quite right. The lady was engaged, but I hear that the contract has been mutually declared "off." Mr. Planché's extravaganza of "The Golden Fleece" has been transplanted from the Haymarket to the St. James's, Mr. John Clarke appearing as the two Kings of King-street.

Mrs. Howard Paul and her clever husband are giving their entertainment at the CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE VOLUNTEER FIELD-DAY.

THE annual Easter volunteer field-day took place on Monday, on Blackheath, a plateau of undulating ground lying about four miles, in a south-easterly direction, from the town of Guildford, and is generally regarded as a decided success, notwithstanding the difficult nature of the ground and the inclemency of the weather.

THE HEATH, AND THE MEANS OF ACCESS TO IT.

The Blackheath of Guildford in no material respect differs either in the inequality of its surface or the productions of its poor, thin soil, from the large tracks of waste land like Chobham or Bagshot which occupy so large a portion of the county of Surrey. In its general aspect Blackheath very much resembles Chobham, so popular ten years ago, when the first of the modern encampments, and by far the prettiest of them all, used to draw such thousands to its reviews. There are the same undulating dark-brown slopes and knolls, covered knee-deep with tangled heather and moss; the same long, narrow, dusty tracks which serve as footpaths across it, with one or two steep ridges which dominate the whole; and here and there, on the edges of the common, rough, wild thickets—for woods they cannot be called—in which larches and firs, sparsely intermingled with stunted underwood, just afford a dubious cover to the skirmishers. On the northern extremity, which the volunteers approached by Tangley-lane, the land was high and bold, overlooking a beautiful valley well cultivated and dotted here and there with homesteads—a perfect specimen of rich English scenery. But the luxuriant vegetation of the valley soon gives place to the more hardy furze and heather, the only products of this sterile sandy region, broken at intervals with patches of larches, oak, and fir. The light yellow sand contrasts finely with the dark green of the pines, the purple brown of the heather, and the blossom of the furze. The small lane which has been ascended now becomes little better than a cart-track; still it is sufficiently well traced to be followed. It goes right across the heath in a direction north and south, and the whole extent is traversed by footpaths in every direction.

The little hamlet of Blackheath, which consists of half a dozen houses, lies in a hollow on the east side of the road. Beyond this again the ground rises; but, if the hamlet be avoided and a more westerly direction taken, the depression does not intervene, the same ridge of hills stretching away across Farley Heath to Hurtwood Common, where there are thousands of acres of uncultivated land.

From this side the heath forms a succession of slopes, more or less steep and diversified as to trees and rabbit-holes, till it terminates at Farley in the thin belt of trees we have spoken of. It is not exactly the kind of ground for any sport which requires an exhibition of the speed of either man or beast. The surface is always rough, uneven, and much cut up, and in its best places is deep with heather; in short, what any military man would term difficult ground on which to show off the niceties of regimental setting-up. For cavalry the heath would be all but impracticable, though, unlike Chobham, which in other respects Blackheath so much resembles, it is free from bog or quagmire from end to end. Before the review commenced there were no lack of prophets of evil, loud in their prognostications that the volunteers would be unable to keep anything like formation on such a soil; but the event proved that these dismal forebodings were premature.

In mere picturesqueness the choice of ground had everything to recommend it, and on almost every side from the heath the valleys below opened out in long undulating blue vistas, which were exquisitely beautiful; and fine scenery is by no means an unimportant accessory in the success of these great military displays. The real fault of the heath is one which it is almost impossible to remedy—namely, that it is too small. A large space is required for the proper evolutions of a force of 18,000 men and twenty-four guns. Blackheath is only at the most a mile and a half long by a mile wide; and unless on future occasions Farley Heath, which adjoins Blackheath, be added to that at the disposal of the authorities on Monday, it will be difficult to make these reviews either useful or effective. For some reason which as yet to be explained the volunteers were refused permission to enter on Farley Heath at all.

In point of facilities for access by railway Blackheath is as advantageously placed as most localities in the south of England. By the South-Western line Guildford is only thirty miles from London, and the common lies within less than four miles of that town. On the South-Eastern Railway, which almost skirts the heath, the Chilworth station is but three quarters of a mile from the spot where the grand stand was erected. The Portsmouth and Southampton lines brought up the Hampshire Volunteers, the Brighton line accommodated those of Sussex and Kent, while the Reading branch opened up a ready means of access to regiments in Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, and the south-western districts generally.

GUILDFORD.

The people of Guildford were all alive to the importance of the occasion. An unexpected piece of good fortune had fallen to their lot, and they made up their minds to improve it. The town draped itself with colours in honour of the occasion, and "a decorative committee" went to work upon the bridge over the Wey, producing not so much a triumphal arch as a graceful festooning of evergreens. There was some dissatisfaction on the subject of prices in Guildford, and the charges were somewhat high, perhaps. But, in fairness to the inhabitants, the fact must be recognised that the demand for accommodation very greatly exceeded the supply. Guildford is not unaccustomed to pressure at Assize time; parties of 200 men and horses of the Royal Artillery are constantly billeted there, on the journey between Aldershot and Woolwich; and when the militia are embodied they, too, can be quartered without great difficulty. Any reasonable demand would therefore have been complied with at short notice. Those volunteers, however, and members of the public who made holiday from Good Friday till after the review flocked down in such numbers on Saturday and Sunday that the *status quo* no longer existed, accommodation of whatever kind was subjected to keen competition, and results followed that may be conjectured without recurring to the maxims of Adam Smith. This strain upon the local resources operated very unfavourably in one respect upon the review, for it prevented the Lieutenant-General commanding at Aldershot from sending over the contingent of cavalry which had been looked for. It was found impossible to procure quarters at Guildford, at Godalming, or elsewhere; it was plainly impossible to throw upon the railway on an occasion of this kind such a large amount of horse traffic; and the fatigue of a road march thirteen miles each way, superadded to the labour incurred in the review, would have been excessive. By way of set-off, the town of Guildford experienced a sensation of a pleasurable character on Saturday afternoon, when Captain Jay's mounted troop of the Hon. Artillery Company arrived, having ridden the whole way from London, and brought down with them their two brass 6-pounders. The march from London to Guildford was accomplished in little more than nine hours, including two stoppages for rest and refreshment, and on the completion of their journey the horses did not exhibit any symptoms of distress. Detachments of Sussex artillery, with heavy guns of position brought from Brighton, arrived in the course of Saturday afternoon, and the ordinary and special trains carried such an influx of visitors and volunteers that the streets were crowded with men in uniform. Late on Saturday night there was a complete gale of wind, accompanied with hail and drifting snow, which gave rise to anticipations of the most gloomy character. Upon Blackheath itself some canvas roofing upon the different stands was blown from the framework, and fluttered about dismally till an early hour on Monday morning, when damages were made good before the review commenced.

ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPS.

To facilitate the arrival of the volunteers on Monday morning preparations of an extensive character had been made both by the South-Eastern and South-Western Railway Companies. The former laid down nearly a mile of extra siding, besides constructing temporary platforms sufficient for the accommodation of fourteen trains of twenty-five carriages, and in like manner of fifteen horse-boxes consecutively. The South-Western Railway not only imitated the

example of the other line in erecting additional lamps, telegraph signals, &c., but continued each of the platforms from the Guildford station to the foot of the bridge some distance down the line, over which the main road crosses in the direction of the Hog's Back. Mr. Dyson, the representative of the company at Guildford, further caused strong barriers to be erected, separating the volunteer traffic entirely from the public, and, clearing out a large space generally used as a coal-yard, connected this by means of a new entrance with a field, where the brigades as they returned from the review were halted near a refreshment booth. In theory, at least, everything was thus done which foresight could suggest to facilitate their unimpeded debarkation or embarkation in the different trains. The distribution of the metropolitan volunteers being, as far as possible, equalised between the two companies, the arrangements contemplated that each should run about twelve trains with troops from London, irrespective of trains required for the general public, for country volunteers, trains with horses, &c. As a rule, the volunteers leaving London arrived in good time at their appointed termini, and the successive conveyances seem to have been pushed on as fast as possible by the railway companies; but, nevertheless, a considerable delay occurred in getting the regiments safely landed and in motion towards the ground. It was to this cause, at least, that the tardy commencement of the review was ascribed. About one fact there can be no doubt: a special train, with volunteers' horses, was timed to leave London Bridge before six a.m., and to reach Shalford in less than an hour and a half. This was still in process of being unladen at nine o'clock.

THE MARCH TO THE HEATH.

Probably much of the difficulty that presented itself in getting the troops on to the heath in time arose from circumstances over which no one can be justly said to have had control. For though, as already stated, the district is easily accessible and the route throughout abounds with natural beauties, the heath itself, being but scantily resorted to, has no good or regular approaches. There are but three lanes which could be employed on Monday, all nearly on a par in point of straightness, steepness, and sandiness. One of them—that leading from the Chilworth station—was set apart for the public, and along one or other of the remaining passes, distinguished respectively as Phillips-lane and Great Tangley-lane, the entire volunteer force, guns and all, had to make its way. The light troop of the Honourable Artillery Company left the road as often as it could, and went scrambling up the hills with catlike activity. The heavy guns of position, on the contrary, had to plough their way slowly and laboriously over the yielding soil, finding at every step the literal truth of the warning issued from the War Office—"Phillips-lane, by which the guns will be taken, is narrow and somewhat steep, and the road leading on to the heath is for a quarter of a mile heavy with sand." So steep and so narrow was the path that, although each gun was drawn by six horses, the gunners, being unable to march in military fashion beside the limbers, were compelled to take out their handspikes and from behind to assist in pushing on the wheels. In this manner Lord Truro's artillery battalion, having charge of six 18-pounders and six 24-pounders, and the battalion of Sussex Artillery, with six 18-pounders, were enabled to attain the summit, and to place their guns in position shortly after ten o'clock. Both the horse artillery and field batteries of the Hon. Artillery Company reached their destination at the same time. The 1st Middlesex Artillery, under Colonel Creed, ought also to have made its ascent then, but not being prepared to start at the right moment, or for some considerable time afterwards, Colonel M'Murdo said he could not permit it to run the risk of choking one of the roads by a stoppage, and therefore directed it to postpone its departure till the last of the infantry brigade had passed up. In this latter process hours were necessarily consumed, and the hopes of the spectators on the plains above, which had been excited by the arrival of the artillery, sunk again as time passed by inactively and the clouds began to gather ominously round. About eleven o'clock the first patch of scarlet showed itself above the gloomy outline bounding the view at the extremity of the heath, and from that time forward there was a tolerably steady flow of armed men in the direction of the further side of the heath, sometimes narrowing to the dimensions of a ribbon, the tints of which were scarcely discernible, sometimes spreading out into a broad and brilliant sheet of colour.

CORPS ENGAGED.

The plan of the day's evolutions having included a sham battle, the troops were arranged in two divisions, one acting as a defending and the other as an attacking force. The defending force, under Major-General Russell, was composed as follows:—

Corps in First Division.—1st Sussex Artillery, six 18-pounders; 1st Middlesex Artillery, four 18-pounders; 1st Hants Artillery, 1st Cinque Ports Artillery, 2nd Middlesex Artillery, 2nd Surrey Artillery, 1st City of London Artillery, 1st Tower Hamlets Artillery, 1st Middlesex Engineers, 1st City of London Engineers, 1st Hants Engineers, 7th Battalion Middlesex, 36th Middlesex (South), 4th Middlesex, 9th Middlesex (West), 11th Middlesex (St. George's), 32nd Middlesex, 15th Middlesex (London Scottish), 19th Middlesex, 21st Middlesex (Civil Service), 38th Middlesex; 22nd Middlesex (Queen's), 1st Battalion; 22nd Middlesex (Queen's), 2nd Battalion; 29th North Middlesex, 46th Middlesex, 2nd City of London, 2nd Battalion Surrey; 12th Surrey, 1st Battalion Surrey; 3rd Battalion Surrey; 1st and 7th Surrey, 10th, 19th, and 23rd Surrey, 2nd Battalion Hants; 1st and 2nd Hants, 3rd Battalion Hants; 13th, 15th, 16th, and 18th Hants: making a total of about 9750 men.

On the other hand the attacking force, under Major-General Rumley, was thus composed:—

Corps in Second Division.—Hon. Artillery Company, Horse Artillery, two 6-pounder guns; Field Battery, four 6-pounder guns. Light Cavalry, 3rd Middlesex Artillery, four 18-pounders and four 24-pounders, Hon. Artillery Company, 2nd Battalion Middlesex, 26th Middlesex, 37th Middlesex, 20th Middlesex, 28th Middlesex (London Irish), 39th Middlesex, 40th Middlesex, 48th Middlesex, 4th City of London, 1st Battalion Sussex, 2nd Battalion Sussex, 1st Sussex, 2nd Battalion Essex, 3rd Battalion Essex, 1st Battalion Kent, 6th Kent, 2nd Cinque Ports, 1st City of London, 3rd City of London, 1st Battalion Tower Hamlets, 9th Tower Hamlets, 2nd and 8th Tower Hamlets, 4th and 6th Tower Hamlets, 1st Battalion Berks: making in all a total of about 8500 men.

Lieutenant-General Pennefather, K.C.B., commanded in chief, aided by an efficient staff.

TAKING UP POSITION.

In consequence of the delays already mentioned in the arrival of the various corps it was impossible to get them all in their places on the ground by twelve o'clock, but in half an hour or so afterwards nearly all the attacking and defending forces began moving across the heath in great masses to the positions assigned to each. At this time there was a great concourse of spectators on the ground which fringed the woods with long irregular lines, or covered the knolls and slopes with dense black groups. Towards one o'clock the whole force was stationed at their allotted points of attack and defence, and almost precisely as the last complete disposition was made the weather, too, finished its arrangements for the day, and began to rain. Sharp showers, accompanied by a keen north-east wind, continued to fall almost throughout the entire day. As a matter of course, no volunteer minded this; nor, to do them justice, did the spectators appear to regard it much, and the real business of the day—the sham battle—went forward with as much ardour and animation as might be expected from volunteers who have been used to nothing but wet weather since the days they were first enrolled.

THE SHAM BATTLE.

The actual details of the evolutions of which the battle consisted may be summed up almost briefly, for though the mock contest lasted at least two hours, its most striking feature was the sustained and tremendous fire kept up on both sides, as the peculiar nature and limited space of ground forbade any attempt at complicated or extended manoeuvres. Major-General Russell, with the defending forces we have already enumerated, occupied the ridge of hills stretching across the common, facing rather to the south, where the main attack was anticipated from Farley woods. The assailants, under Major-General Rumley, may be said, in fact, to have been divided into two bodies—one of about 4000 men, with eight guns; while the main body of 5000 men, with two pieces of horse artillery

and four field-guns, made a flank march under cover of the woods, and delivered the real attack on General Russell's extreme left. It was this feint and real attack, and the necessity which General Russell was under to bring his troops from his left to meet the flank attack on his right, which constituted the evolutions of the day, in which, from the absence of cavalry, there was a sameness almost amounting to monotony, as far as the spectators were concerned.

The movements commenced with the feint attack on the right of the assailants, who suddenly showed their skirmishers from under cover of the thin coppices and began a cautious advance, while their guns were ostentatiously pushed forward to the commanding eminences and began a heavy cannonade. A few minutes more and the whole of the extreme right of the enemy showed itself, the skirmishers leading, the supports in open columns of companies, pouring down rank on rank in solid lines, while the guns were slowly advanced after them from point to point, so that the fire of the artillery never slackened for a moment. With the first indications of the onset all General Russell's troops were on the alert, though, beyond throwing out their skirmishers and moving forward a few corps in their extreme right, no advance was attempted till the numerical superiority of those making the feint attack on the left was seen. Then their guns, too, were brought forward, and their line of skirmishers and supports advanced till almost their whole front was at right angles with the concealed force of the enemy, which lay under the ridges between the two clumps of woodland. For some twenty minutes or so this state of things remained—a heavy artillery duel going on from the heights, while the sputtering fire of the riflemen in front sunk and rose and spread irregularly up and down the slopes and ridges. All this time the attacking force was quietly massing brigades under cover in such a position as that when they debouched into the plain General Russell would be completely outflanked. It was not until a movement of the defending skirmishers was made against this part of the field that the real attack was unmasked. Then suddenly the whole aspect of things was changed, and the movements at once assumed the most animated and exciting appearance. From where General Rumley lay concealed on the right a perfect cloud of riflemen suddenly swarmed down into the woods; while the Honourable Artillery Company, in spite of the difficult nature of the ground, brought up their guns in splendid style and commenced a flanking fire which enfiladed the whole defending line. The confined space of the ground and woods in which both forces met here; the rapidity with which the real attack was hurried on; and the unforeseen spots from which assailants kept pouring forth; the bugle-notes to recall the skirmishers from the overwhelming force they had so unwarily provoked, all gave to this surprise an effect which was wonderfully exciting, and which perfectly resembled in its haste, and, in some places, by no means simulated confusion, all the main elements of a real battle and a real surprise. Almost simultaneously with the appearance of the skirmishers the steep slopes leading out from the wood and in rear of the guns began to be covered, as if by magic, with advancing troops, marching as closely as they could, and hurrying through the uneven lanes and thickets to the open, where they could deploy. Spite of the exceedingly difficult nature of the advance, they swept rapidly on, at the double, and, just as they reached the plain, deployed in line, taking ground rapidly to the left so as to outflank General Russell's force in such a manner as left no option but to make a slowly retiring fight to avoid annihilation. And now the plan fast developed itself. To save the outflanked and hard-pressed right wing of his force, General Russell hurried corps after corps from his left to strengthen his right, and to stop their reinforcements the feint attack on his left was now really pressed, and the fight then seemed to rage fast and furious. The cannonade and file-fire were terrific; the smoke lay thick and heavy among the heather, just gently curling up as if the plain was on fire, while, as the keen wind lifted it now and then, the hurry of the troops to reinforce the right wing could be seen, with the attacking forces still pouring out into the plain and outflanking them more and more every minute. The result of such an attack became a matter of military certainty. The troops outflanking were on the spot they threatened—those to protect it had to come at least a mile; so that three corps were deployed by the assailants for one that came to the rescue, and before half an hour elapsed, during all which time the battle seemed to rage with awful din upon the right, the attacking force on the left outflanked the defenders by nearly half a mile, and outnumbered them by at least one third. In such a position there was no help for it but an orderly retreat, and the whole line of General Russell's force fell back, the guns covering the movement, the infantry in echelon. As they did so General Rumley pushed forward, still continuing as he advanced to outflank his antagonists, till at last the two armies, if we may so call them, stood nearly face to face, extending in line nearly a mile, on every foot of which the firing from guns and rifles was going forward on both sides as fast as the pieces, large and small, could be discharged. What followed after this was a mere repetition of the same manoeuvres, the defenders retiring as the assailants advanced, and so on till the former were forced back nearly a mile; and the engagement was brought to a close amid such a general discharge of musketry and cannon as probably never before woke the echoes of the hills round Guildford.

THE MARCH PAST.

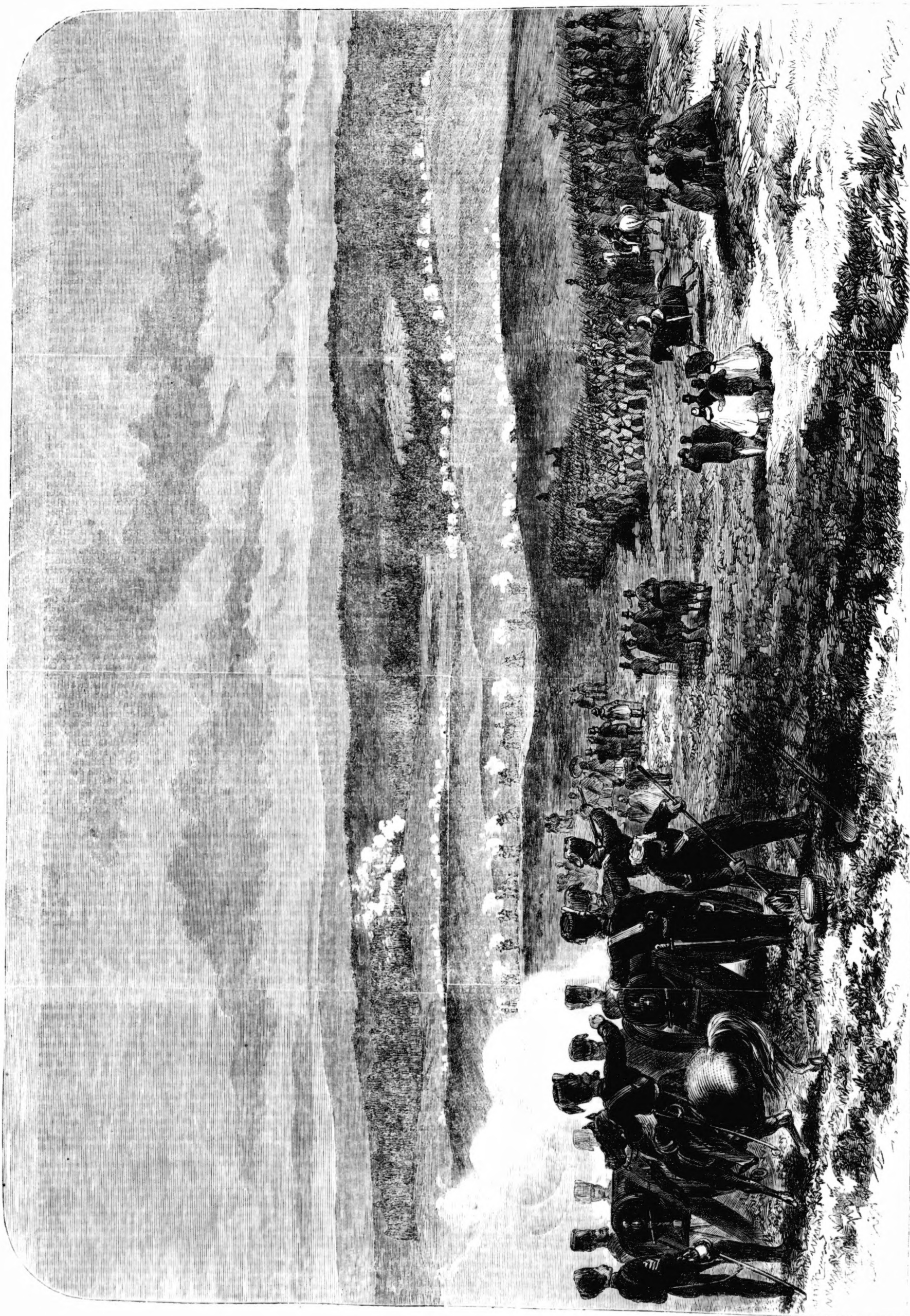
The great question now was, how was the usual finale, a "march past," to be managed? The crowd which had followed the fortunes of the day was now assembled under the stand, and so closely packed that it was found impossible to clear a road for the volunteers. General Pennefather adjured, and waved his sword, and his aides rode frantically up and down; but all to no purpose. The crowd—which after all was a very small one—was obdurate, and the consequence was that the volunteers got "clubbed" into a regular mob in the centre of the ground, and then companies of red and blue, and green and grey seemed to be mixed up together in the most admired disorder. The visitors in the grand stand, who had been promised a march past, began to murmur, and the majority took to their carriages and left the ground. At last the General seemed to have managed a sort of diagonal march past, as the volunteer force was got into some sort of order, and advanced obliquely in the direction of the stand.

ACCIDENTS.

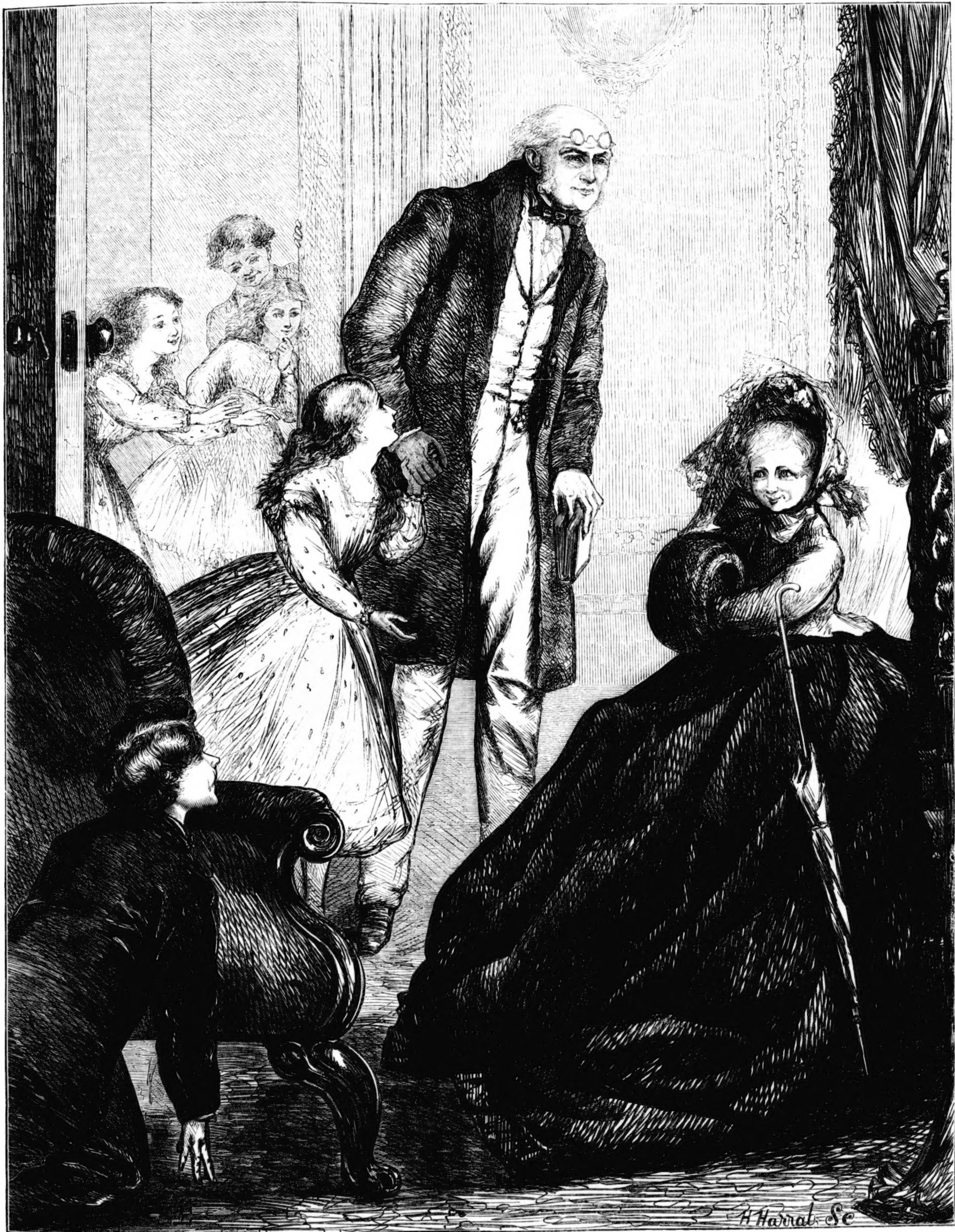
We regret to say that the day did not pass over without three rather serious accidents. Many got heavy falls over the stumps of broom and gorse which lurked among the heather, and in two cases these unfortunately resulted in broken legs. The third accident happened to a civilian, who was shot in the groin by a ramrod and so badly injured as to cause death. In all cases the sufferers were immediately removed to the hospital-marquee, erected in rear of the grand stand and specially sent over for this duty from Aldershot.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.—There have been recently brought to light, at Pompeii, three bodies, in different tombs, most ingeniously preserved in form and shape. One is a warrior, evidently of superior rank, and has a coat of mail and the usual armour worn by the Romans in those times. Another is that of a lady, whose beauty of form and face is splendid. The third is that of a young girl about fifteen, apparently an attendant. The coarse texture of her dress is distinctly seen, and on one of her fingers a coarse ring of lead or tin shows her love of baubles.

SHIPWRECKS.—The life-boat of the National Life-boat Institution stationed at Scarborough was the means, on Sunday night last, of rescuing one man from the stranded smack Howard, of Grimsby, I. Cooper, master, fitted for the Iceland fishery. The cost of the boat was the gift to the institution of Mrs. Cockcroft, of Scarborough. A melancholy shipwreck occurred off the Isle of Man, on Saturday evening last, during a squall of wind. The schooner Vixen, of Peel, in the island, was proceeding from Bordeaux to Belfast with Indian corn. While lying off Port St. Mary she was suddenly struck by a squall of wind, which threw her on her beam ends; but she afterwards sank, the master, his wife, and the crew unhappily going down with the vessel. It was only in the morning the woman had been taken on board. The life-boat of the National Life-boat Institution stationed at Castletown was as soon as possible taken to the scene of the sad disaster, but, after remaining about nearly all night, nothing could be seen of the unfortunate people. This valuable life-boat was instrumental, on the 11th inst., during a gale of wind, in saving four persons from the smack Water Lily, the vessel soon afterwards becoming a total wreck. Altogether, the life-boat has within the last six years rescued twenty-seven shipwrecked persons.



VOLUNTEER FIELD-DAY AT BLACKHEATH, NEAR GUILDFORD.—COMMENCEMENT OF THE ATTACK: THE FIRST SHOTS FIRED.



"THE FIRST OF APRIL."—(DRAWN BY M. E. EDWARDS)

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

Who would wish never to be a fool? It would be bad enough always to refuse the motley dress, and so to lose all the wisdom which comes out of laughter—to be so grave an ass as always to bray to one unmusical note; but surely it would be even worse than this to have arrived at such a perfection of crafty knowledge that to deceive us should be impossible. There may be—doubtless there are—people who pride themselves on having attained this bad pre-eminence of cunning; but they are worse than mere fools—they are malicious idiots, with their intellectual nature warped and their moral nature subdued, like the dyer's hand, to the colour of that it works in. They have paid, in fact, an awful price for the boast that "they are not to be taken in." They have parted with much faith, love, charity; they hope very little, and believe scarcely anything,

of their fellows; and, being continually on the watch for deceit, they are caught, as it were flying, by the worst deceit of all—a miserable self-deception arising from self-consciousness. Nothing wears its true colour to them; they are mistaken everywhere, because error radiates from their own selfish centre; and they go about in this awful condition full of delighted complacency like a workhouse idiot who has been looking at his own image in a pocket shaving-glass.

If this is not the very moral of our picture it will serve, at all events, as a suggestion, since the picture tells its own story. That calm, quiet, studious gentleman has been made a fool of many a time. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that he never regretted it; but he is scarcely less wise for a good deal of such folly. As Charles Lamb advises us not to inquire too closely into the actual

need of the beggar who seeks our charity, but to give, and that our own souls will be blessed thereby, so, in a similar sense, it is wise to follow the impulse of an ingenuous nature sometimes and to trust without weighing the chances of being made fools. Such faith will be justified hereafter.

There is a lingering doubt as to the honest purpose of these little deceivers, however. Children are such bad managers of an organised swindle—they are in such a whirl and hurry of excitement about success—so ready to giggle out a confession before the trick is accomplished—every way so impatient of simulation—that kind, quiet, studious papa even thinks he sees mischief, but would submit to be made a fool, for the kind, wise reason that these little ones shall not be balked of their fun. What a shout will be set up presently when he bows before that artfully-adjusted bonnet, and the little

and we wish we had space for an extract. *London Society* is not bad. Exquisitely pretty is the little portrait of Faustina; and very amusing "Our Entertainment," with Mr. C. A. Doyle's clever drawings. I think the author of "Lovely Lady Coventry" has no reason for hinting that George Anne Bellamy (the actress) might have had her "motives" in befriending Mrs. Gunning. Why should we be always poking into the holes and corners of people's minds? That lawless but most generous and

unfortunate woman gave ample proof that she could be kind out of an overflowing heart that knew nothing of motives. What a dreadful story is that of the ingratitude of the dog in whose interest she "compounded a felony" without knowing the risk she ran! By the by, we were promised in *London Society* a series of papers by Dr. Kinkel—a hero, a scholar, an artist, a gentleman. Where are they?

The *St. James's* is a little better than usual, but it is still not good, or anything like good.

Of *The Churchman's Family Magazine* there is very little to say. Yet a word of cordial recognition is due to the honourable effort at perfect fairness which is made by the writer of the article on the present Bishop of London, noble Dr. Tait.

The chief attraction in *Good Words* is Mrs. Wood's "Oswald Cray," in which the shadows are deepening around the devoted Dr. Davenall, and very naturally it all comes about. The "Needless Fears" of A. K. H. B. is very pleasant reading; but he will not raise himself in the esteem of chivalrous people by the "needless fears" and needless disclaimer at the top of page 306, first column. Nor by the bad taste with which, as a "high precedent for the permission of the somewhat complacent feeling," with which he thought of having written two sermons, he quotes Isaiah liii. 11. What next? Mr. Hollingshead has got the pawnbrokers about his ears, and has to answer a pathetic appeal from the "Protection Society," which he does very well.

And now, to wind up, I wonder whether the general reader ever gives a publicist credit for friendly silence about things to which he wishes well? Because, in the magazines for April, I see advocated reforms about which I say nothing, for this reason—that they will come fast enough, without any blowing of trumpets. For my part, if I wrote—a *Dieu ne plaise*—a Jesuit, I should write against them (if I wrote at all) as the best way of helping them forward. The fact is, I sometimes stand aghast, in silent thankfulness, at the progress which has been made since I was a boy of twelve. Conservative reaction? Ah, *vraiment!* We must have these ups and downs. The waves rise and fall, but the tide marches on, and the old landmarks vanish under our very eyes. "The spirit walks of every day deceased," but who cares for ghosts or galvanised dead bodies?

HER MAJESTY.—The Queen has announced her intention of holding a Court at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, the 6th inst., at which her Majesty will receive the principal members of the Corps Diplomatique; and at a second Court, to be held on Wednesday, the 13th inst., a limited number of distinguished persons will be invited to attend in order to have an opportunity of paying their respects to her Majesty. Three Drawing-rooms will be held in the course of the season by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and three Levées by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on behalf of the Queen. In the months of May and June two state concerts and two state balls will, by command of the Queen, take place at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty's birthday will be celebrated on the 24th of May.

COURT GOSSIP.—In reference to the christening dinner at Buckingham Palace, it is asserted that the Prussian Ambassador, Count Bernstorff, having declined to drink the health of the King of Denmark, Prince John of Glücksburg, who was present on a visit to England, considered himself personally insulted by the slur passed on his Royal relative, and was with difficulty restrained from claiming satisfaction for the offence. Family feeling, it is said, so overcame Court etiquette, that the Princess of Wales refused to preside at a Drawing-room at which the Prussian Ambassador should be present. [All this is, most probably, merely the gossip of scandal-mongers.]

PROGRESS OF EGYPT.—An extraordinary revolution is rapidly proceeding in the valley of the Nile. Europe has finally understood the immense future of Egypt, and is eager to develop her yet budding resources. Every steamer is pouring a new population and a golden stream into the country; energy and capital are taking possession of the land, and urging it forward in the path of civilisation and wealth. Not only are the cities of Alexandria and Cairo receiving so great an influx of inhabitants that, although whole quarters are rising on every side, house room is still insufficient, and rents are always increasing, but the inland towns and villages are overrun, and factories with high chimneys and long lines of black smoke cut the clear sky of our flat landscape through the length and breadth of Lower Egypt. Gradually, but surely, the tide is creeping upwards, and will soon people the shores of the Thebaid. Englishmen are not behind in the race, and their numbers must always increase in a corresponding ratio to the amount of machinery employed.

CURIOUS RELIQUARY.—There has been a very remarkable work of gold exhibited at the entrance of the choir of the Cathedral of Notre Dame for some days past. It is a new reliquary, manufactured at the expense of the Chapter, after a design prepared by M. Viollet Le Duc, and it is considered to be one of the most remarkable works of art produced during the present century. The immense number of diamonds and other precious stones, the result of pious offerings, are not out of proportion with the reliquary itself. St. Louis is represented sitting on an elevated throne, wearing a Royal crown of rubies and emeralds and holding the crown of thorns in his hand. St. Helena, with the Holy Cross, and Baudouin II., Emperor of Constantinople, are likewise seated on thrones. There is a platform over the head of these three personages, resting on the top of the thrones, of which the disc is surrounded by a river of diamonds of the purest water. Turquoises are scattered over the surface, and in the centre is a pillar formed of enormous emeralds, which bears a crystal lantern, round which are the Twelve Apostles, placed at a certain distance from each other, so that the holy crown may be seen between them. The crown is placed horizontally in the lantern, on which is fixed the Royal crown of St. Louis, studded with rubies, emeralds, and pearls. The reliquary, which is silver gilt, cost £2200. The diamonds and precious stones are estimated at £8000.

THE VISIT OF GARIBALDI.—Garibaldi is expected to arrive in London on the 16th inst., after passing a few days with Mr. Seely, M.P., in the Isle of Wight, and preparations are being made to give him a public reception. A meeting of the Garibaldi Reception and Testimonial Committee was held on Tuesday afternoon at the London Tavern, for the purpose of appointing sub-committees and making other arrangements for the reception of Garibaldi on his arrival in the metropolis. A meeting was also held on Tuesday night at the Whittington Club by the delegates from the trade and friendly societies, forming the Working Men's Garibaldi Demonstration and Testimonial Committee. Mr. Richardson, a member of the Court of Common Council, has given notice of his intention to move, at their next meeting, that the freedom of the Corporation be presented to General Garibaldi in a casket of the value of 100 guineas, on his arrival in London. Mr. Seely, M.P., and Mr. Richardson, the treasurer of the City Reception Committee, have received letters from the General stating that his health was still in a delicate state and that the wound in his foot was at times very painful. On hearing this Dr. Ferguson, the eminent surgeon, at once placed his gratuitous professional services at the disposal of those gentlemen to attend upon the General during his stay in the Isle of Wight. This offer was gratefully accepted by Messrs. Seely and Richardson on the part of Garibaldi; and Dr. Ferguson will proceed to the island immediately on the arrival of the illustrious visitor. Dr. Thompson, who lately performed successfully a delicate operation on the King of the Belgians, has also placed his professional services at the command of the General. Every available steamer and craft of all descriptions at Southampton have already been engaged at high prices to take parties alongside the Ripon, by which Garibaldi has taken his passage from Malta, as soon as she arrives in the Southampton Water.

THE SHEFFIELD CATASTROPHE.—The Coroner's jury, after a careful investigation, has returned the following verdict:—"We find that Thomas Ellstone came to his death by drowning in the inundation caused by the bursting of the Bradfield reservoir on the 12th instant; that in our opinion there has not been that engineering skill and that attention to the construction of the works which their magnitude and importance demanded; that in our opinion the Legislature ought to take such action as will result in a Governmental inspection of all works of this character, and that such inspection ought to be frequent, regular, and sufficient; and that we cannot separate without expressing our deep regret at the fearful loss of life which has occurred from the disruption of the Bradfield reservoir." Some important correspondence has passed on this subject between the Home Secretary and the Waterworks Company. A letter has been received from Sir George Grey enclosing a copy of the report from Mr. Rawlinson on the late inundation and reminding the company of their serious responsibility in reference to the Agden reservoir, which is in course of construction, and which Mr. Rawlinson strongly condemns. The chairman of the water company writes to Sir George Grey to say that the Agden works have been stopped. Mr. Hawley and Mr. Bateman, the well-known civil engineers, have presented the following report to the directors of the Sheffield Water Company:—"In compliance with your instructions we have made a survey of the reservoirs pertaining to your works, in the valley of the Rivelin and Redmire, and have the honour to report—1. That the Rivelin reservoirs are in a most perfect and satisfactory state. 2. That the Redmire reservoirs are, generally speaking, in a good condition, but that a few ordinary repairs are needed. Our views with respect to these minor matters we have communicated to Mr. Gunson, who has undertaken to give them his immediate attention. In conclusion, we beg to offer the expression of our opinion that these reservoirs, which have now been tested by the practical trial and experience of many years, during which they have undergone no important alteration, ought not to be the occasion of any doubt or apprehension."

OUR FEUILLETON.

THEATRICAL TYPES.

NO. VII.—LOW COMEDIANS.

No matter who or what the auditors—short-haired swell, brilliant belle, smart clerk, blasé critic, or ardent mechanic shouting in his shirt-sleeves in the gallery—the Low Comedian is a general favourite.

"I like Oddjaws, you know, because he makes a man laugh," says the languid swell.

"I do so admire Mr. Oddjaws, he is so droll," trills the white-shouldered belle.

"Oddjaws is the boy for me, the look of him alone sends me off into a fit," says the fast young clerk.

"Oddjaws possesses considerable humour," crones the cautious critic.

"Him as I likes best is Hojgers; they may say as they likes about others, but the man for me is Hojgers!" cries the one-shilling enthusiast of the gallery, who as surely as he approves of an actor as surely mispronounces his name.

It is a strange vocation to come into the world for the sole purpose of making people laugh; yet such would seem to be the destiny of the genuine Low Comedian—the Low Comedian *de naissance*, not the heavy-browed, lantern-jawed, rigid-cheeked, misanthrope, who "adopts" low comedy as a calling; but your light-haired, snub-nosed, wide-mouthed variety of the *genus homo* to whom you could assign no place in the world but the theatre, and no post in the theatre but that of funny man.

The Low Comedian is ushered into the world at any hour of the day or night, "with a white head and something a round belly." From the first moment of his existence everything thrives with him. He partakes of the refreshment which Nature has provided for him in a convivial and cheery spirit. The compliment paid by Mr. Weller, sen., to his adult son Samuel on his pneumatic powers applies to the Low Comedian from his cradle. He is usually a queer, cockeyed sort of baby, who makes his mother laugh, and his father laugh, and his nurse, and his nurse's friends, and even the grave doctor. He is always content and always happy. If pap be too long in preparation, he will allay the pangs of hunger with the knob of a kitchen poker; if sweetmeats be unobtainable, a lump of coal or a well-done cinder will satisfy him for hours. He is one of those miraculous children who has the measles favourably, and makes an attack of the mumps a credit to his parents. When he falls down four pairs of stairs he does not hurt himself; he feels refreshed by the exercise, and is rewarded for his exertion by the scrap of orange-peel, three weeks old, which he finds beneath the mat.

As a boy he is the funny fellow of the school, who makes faces behind his slate and gets other boys caned for laughing at him. He is a pet with the master, and the ushers, and the maids, and everybody. He has the gift of popularity: his very mistakes are jests, his faults pleasantries, and his ugliness—for he is ugly—a sort of exaggerated and comic comeliness.

He sees the humorous side of everything, and is a wonderful mimic. He imitates his father's voice and cough so perfectly as to deceive the practised ears and instinctive affection of his mother. He calls out to the servant in his mother's tones, and laughs at her surprise. Though not a dullard, he is slow at learning, and his anxious parents bind him 'prentice to a chemist and druggist, in the hope that the odour of drugs and the constant contemplation of gilt labels on shop drawers may make him scholarly and serious.

But nor poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the pharmacopoeia, can lull his love of fun. He nearly ruins his master's business by imitating his connection "to their faces." So quick and varied are his powers of facial contortion that he is not as one boy behind the counter, but twenty. Then dawns on him the cheap comic song-book and the half-price to the theatre. What, then, to him is balsam of tolu to the "Toral-lal loral-lal-lal-lal-day" of the popular vocalist, or to his ecstasies as he sees his favourite actor—the one with the short trousers too large for him at the back—tumble into the cucumber-frame? Hence assafoetida and all thy vain delights! The playhouse and the public-house are from that time his love, his future, and his glory!

Finally, he is completely un-chemisted and de-druggistized by the Private Amateur Theatre, where his first appearance is hailed with uproarious delight; and even the leader of the orchestra—who is a real professional, and can read music at sight, and has a minimum of baldness on the back of his head, and green spectacles, and other orchestral peculiarities—says he is the funniest man he has seen, "since Liston—since Liston!"

In vain does his irate master inform his father; in vain his father storm; his mother sob. Fate cries out. He cancels his indentures by running away from them; and by means of a theatrical agent, or luck, or perseverance, obtains employment in a small provincial theatre.

"What can you do?" asks the Manager, with that bland courtesy to his employees which is ever the companion of enterprise and spirit.

"Well, Sir, I shall be glad to do anything at first," is the modest reply.

"Ah—um—General Utility," grunts the Lessee. "Well, I'll give you a trial."

"Thank you, Sir."

"But you must draw it mild as to tin; business is so arterially bad. Mrs. John Kaphips, the doctor's wife, died last week, and the box people won't come, though I give a Fashionable Night every Friday, and always play myself—ten bob a week, hay?"

Ten shillings! ten gold-mines of Peru! ten Fortunatus's wish-cap! "I'll take that with pleasure, Sir."

"And you're lucky. The drama is going to the deuce, with the high salaries actors get nowadays. It wasn't so in my time. Be here to-morrow at eleven. I'll find you something to do."

"Thank you, Sir. May I ask what the play is to-morrow night?"

"Hamlet." Come and have a drain to wet your first appearance."

On the following morning young Oddjaws goes through that blankest, dreariest, and dullest dramatic institution—a rehearsal. The company being small from a numerical point of view, the novice is desired to appear as Bernardo, the Second Actor, Lucianus, nephew to the Duke, the Second Gravedigger, the Priest, and Osric. This is technically called "doubling," although quintupling would be a more appropriate term. The young man feels somewhat strange among the regular actors, who look on him as soldiers look on a recruit—with an expression of mingled admiration and pity—admiration for his courage, pity for his future. The rehearsal—a sort of hurried gabble, in a dim, lurid darkness visible—concluded, he goes to his lodgings to "study." At six he is in the dressing-room, which is quite dark, and he sits and thinks that his father and mother have just finished their tea and that they are wondering where Joe is, and that his mother is hoping that, wherever he may be, he has nice comfortable meals, and that his socks are well aired. He thinks, too, that his master, the chemist and druggist, was not such a bad fellow after all, and that just at that moment he will be serving old Mrs. Skidjambé—one of the favourite imitations—with her usual amount of laudanum. From Mrs. Skidjambé's laudanum his thoughts fly off in a tangent to the scene in which he is to pour the poison into the ear of the sleeping King, and he asks himself, with a smile, whether it be a decoction or an infusion? The wardrobe-keeper, who also fulfils the functions of dresser, arrives, kindles a fire, lights the gas, and gives the novice a very unpleasant-looking bundle of garments, and tells him that "they are his costumes." The young actor holds them to the fire and the damp steams out of them. When the attention of the dresser is drawn to this circumstance, he quietly replies that "the shapes always is damp, but they dry on you." Young Oddjaws thinks of his mother, and sartorially becomes Bernardo.

The actors drop in and transform themselves, and talk of everything but the play. They all possess wonderfully high spirits, and are as gay, good-natured, and garrulous as children on a holiday.

They banter each other with perfect freedom; and, as in all other coterie, there is a wit and there is a butt. They are very kind to the novice, and assist him in every way in their power.

The awful moment arrives; the green curtain, with a little coaxing and a great deal of swearing, kindly consents to be drawn up, and Bernardo Oddjaws steps upon the stage—luckily, it is a dark scene, which gives the novice nerve, and disables the audience from observing the comic expression of his face. If they could have seen the manner in which Bernardo's eyebrows disappeared up into his scalp, how his nostrils flew upwards and his mouth dropped down in a contrary direction at the entrance of the ghost, the effect of the Royal spectre's supernatural strut would have been marred, if not entirely destroyed.

In the second scene the gaslights were upon him, and the audience (a full one, for in the provinces they are still fond of Shakespeare) tittered as he entered. When Hamlet (the manager, of course) asked if the Ghost stayed long, and Horatio answered, "While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred," Marcellus alone said, "Longer! longer!" But when the astonished Prince inquired if "His beard was grizzled, too?" poor Oddjaws remembered what he had omitted, and shouted out, "Longer! Longer!" to the intense amusement of everybody, except Manager Hamlet, who let off a small park of oaths from between his teeth.

As the second actor, as he had nothing to say, he avoided notice; but when he came on as the murderous Lucianus, attired in a black cloak and a small vial, the young ex-chemist and druggist's face went off into as many singular varieties as a bouquet of fireworks. Actors and auditors roared with laughter, and even the little gentleman in black at the feet of Ophelia joined in the general mirth. At the end of the act the Manager immediately appointed somebody else to play the Priest, and, horribly depressed, the young actor "changed" for the Second Gravedigger.

This was the bit of the evening. As the gravedigger, young Oddjaws' facial powers stood him in good stead. Every line he uttered told on listeners weary of the manager's over-elaborate elocution, and he left the scene he had entered in fear and trembling an acknowledged favourite. Fired with his sudden and unexpected triumph, he converted Osric into a clown, and was rewarded vociferously by the gallery. Hamlet would not let him appear in the last scene, lest the sight of him should spoil the Danish Prince's death.

The First Low Comedian of the theatre, a solemn little man with a face scarred by the smallpox, at the end of the performance asked the novice to accompany him to the theatrical tavern close by and have some beer. When they were seated, the little man whispered to him,

"You'll do! You've got it in you! You'll make a great man! You've fun, humour—what I never had when I left my articles to join this cursed calling! You'll soon be First Low Comedian here. I'm done—smashed—finished! I never had much go in me, Lord help me! and what little I had has left me since—since my wife died. The Manager wouldn't keep me but that she was buried on the circuit and I've been here so long. I suppose they've told you that I'm queer—queer in the head, I mean"—he touched his brow with his forefinger—"cranky. I always was; it's in my blood. You'll soon be First Low."

"No, no," interrupted Oddjaws, somewhat frightened.

"My dear boy, it won't hurt me. I'm not long for here; I know it, and I'm glad of it. Mind, when you do get the business, stick out for benefit terms. In seven years you'll be in London and I shall be—ah—um! I've been an actor forty years, and I never could do what you've done to-night. Never! Let's have another glass, I shan't be in your way long. God bless you, my boy! Here's luck to you."

Three months after Oddjaws reigned in the place of the old actor, who was found lifeless in his bed. The jury said, "by the visitation of God." He left all his stockings, breeches, rings, wigs, and "properties" to his successor. The prediction was fulfilled, Oddjaws rose, and rose, and, in seven years, was an accepted London favourite.

Let not the sanguine amateur, impatient of an irksome calling, think that the fate of Oddjaws is not entirely exceptional. Many well-meaning persons, who intend to be funny with all their hearts and souls, trail all their lives from town to town accompanied by a shabby wife and ill-shod children. Many melancholy men believe that they have the gift of humour, and fight fierce battles with poverty and sickness, cheered only by the thought that at night they will put on a motley dress and an unreal head of hair and raise a few laughs at the situations, speeches, and absurdities invented for them by the dramatist.

The Low Comedian is always an especial and a privileged person. For him is a latitude of speech and action permitted to none other. Practical jokes sufficient for an action at law or for a personal encounter, are in him considered only things of custom, strokes of humour, sallies of sly wit. 'Tis his vocation. Some years ago, a Manager, unable to pay his rent, was distrained by the proprietors of the theatre. The Director was despondent, not at the presence of the Bailiffs—he was used to that—but because he had valuable property in the theatre which he could not remove. To his rescue came his Low Comedian.

"Guv'nor," said he; "what's up?"

The embarrassed Director explained that it was impossible to remove a single thing while the men were in possession.

"Then put 'em out of possession," said the L. C.

"But how?"

"Leave that to me."

Saying which the Low Comedian departed and sought out the Heavy Man, a powerful, athletic fellow, very fond of fighting, and the two ordered and finished a bottle of whisky. They then went to the theatre, arrayed themselves in large cloaks, and put over their heads enormous, hideous, pantomimic demons' masks, a disguise that rendered them unrecognisable in voice, form, and feature. They secured the man left at the stage door, and conducted him beneath the stage, where traps, barrels, and frames loom weirdly, and, showing him a deep well, down which they dropped a lighted torch that hissed as it extinguished itself in the inky water, swore by everything in the incantations in "Macbeth" and in "Der Freischütz"—by fillets of fenny snakes, fingers of birth-strangled babes, tonsils that live under cold stones, glass from broken windows of churches, right eyes of lapwings, left of lynxes, and other charms of powerful trouble, that if he did not immediately run away they would hurl him down into the abyss below, where the slimy alligator and the corrugated crocodile waited wide-jawed for their prey! The poor fellow promised, and hastily "skedaddled." His comrade, after a similar experience, followed his example; and the two conspirators threw off their cloaks and masks, and hastened to inform the Manager that he was "free."

Any other man would have been prosecuted according to law; but a week after the Low Comedian was telling the story, with additions and variations of his own, in every tavern in the town. His popularity rose in proportion; and on the night of his benefit he was carried to his home on the shoulders of a shouting, enthusiastic crowd.

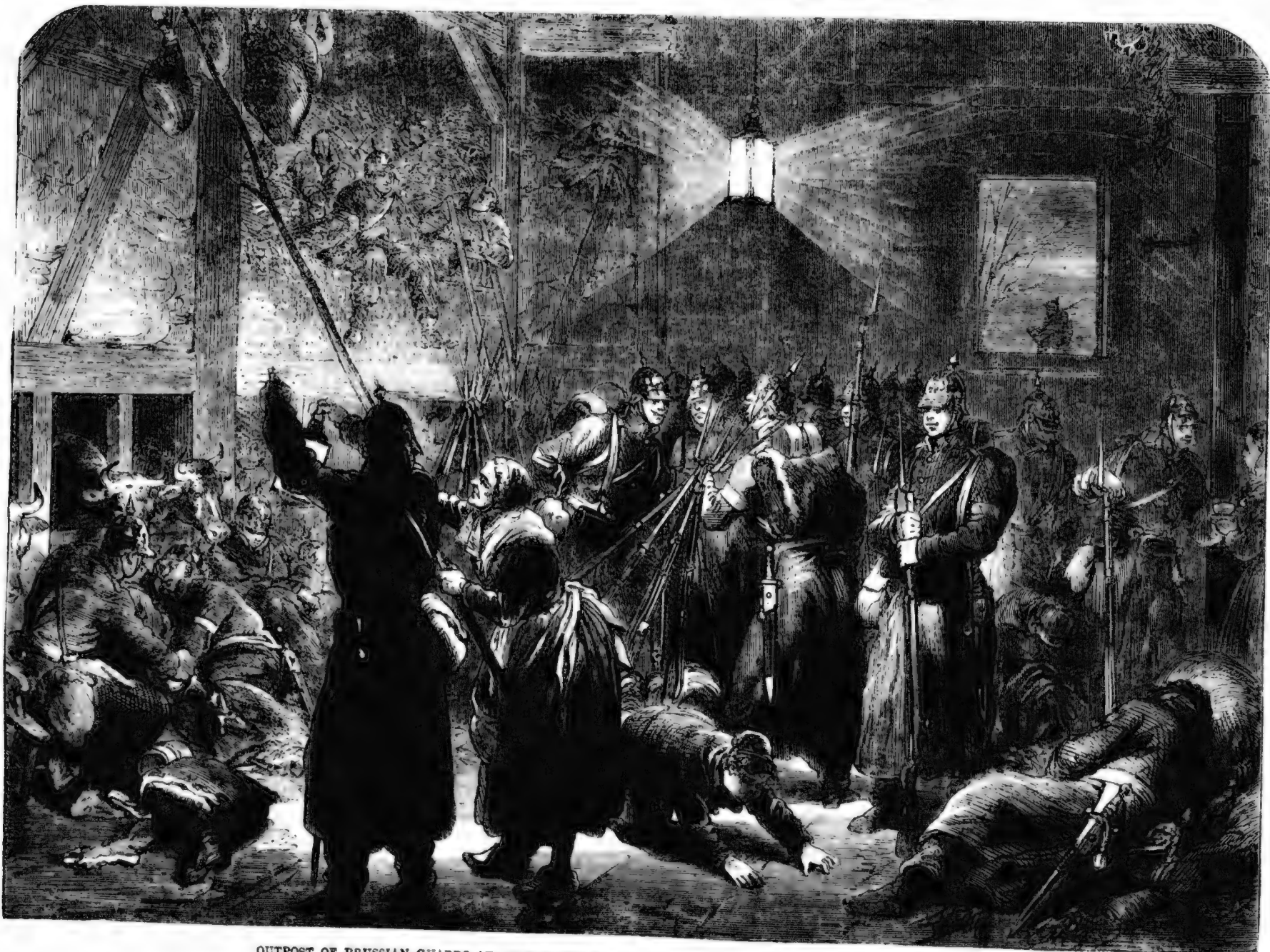
T. W. R.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT are reported to intend establishing a camp in Finland during the summer.

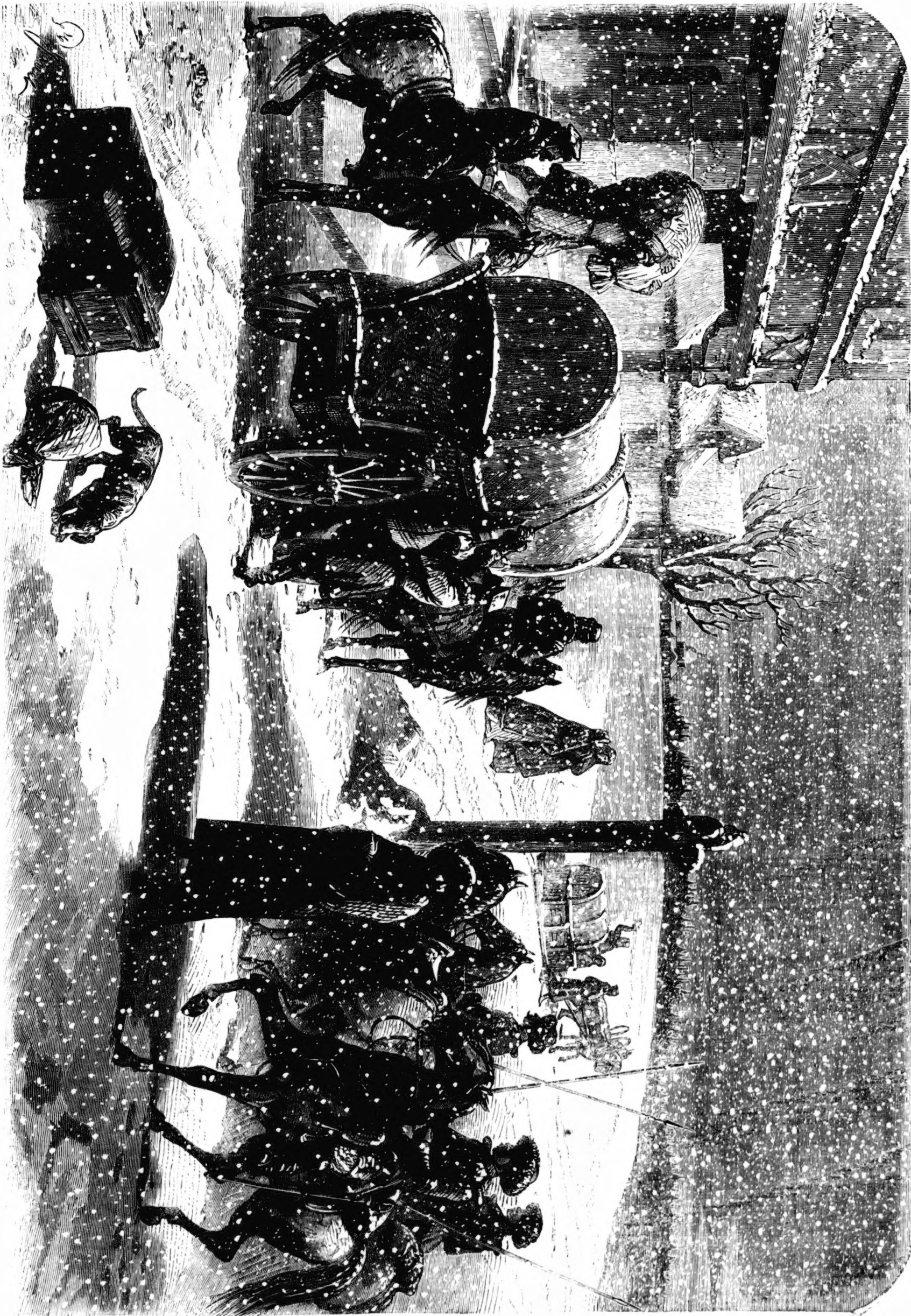
THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN.—On the ground of difficulties which have arisen as to the presumptive succession to the Austrian throne, the Archduke Maximilian has deferred the reception of the Mexican notables who had been deputed to request his acceptance of the Imperial crown of their country. The Archduke is not only willing but eager to be Emperor of Mexico; but he has all along intended to keep his reversionary and contingent right of succession to the Austrian crown, and also to the Royal property in Austria. But now the Emperor, who never much liked the Mexican speculation, and has probably been reserving this objection *in petto*, joins his family in insisting that the "Emperor of Mexico" must relinquish all his rights as a member of the Royal family of Austria. The Archduke Leopold and the Baron de Meysemburg are said to have gone from Vienna to Miramar with conciliatory proposals, and no doubt great efforts are being made, both in Paris and Brussels, to overcome the difficulty; but nothing is positively known as to the result of the moral pressure put upon the Archduke to make him carry out his engagements to France and Mexico.



THE WAR IN DENMARK: AUSTRIAN FIELD ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION.—(SEE PAGE 211.)



OUTPOST OF PRUSSIAN GUARDS AT FRIEDRICHSANBAU.—(GREAT SKETCHES BY AUGUSTUS BECK.)—(SEE PAGE 211.)



DEPORTATION OF A POLISH FAMILY BY ORDER OF THE RUSSIAN AUTHORITIES.—FROM A SKETCH BY M. GAZZALI.

THE RUSSIANS IN POLAND.

THE Russian policy seems still to lead the authorities commanding in Poland to tire out the insurgents by continued cruelties, and they seem never to have lost their belief in the efficacy of deportation. In one single day of last month 500 exiles were conveyed from Warsaw to Russia, and the total number of those transported from the kingdom, exclusive of those from the government of Augustowa, is estimated at 23,400, while in the latter government, which is under the brutal domination of Mouravieff, the number is comparatively greater. Meanwhile, the hangings and imprisonments are scarcely diminished, and it often happens that one family is subjected to all these evils; while those more fortunate who are only suspected (the result of living in a disaffected neighbourhood) are simply forced to leave their home, and to give up their house, and present themselves at St. Petersburg, thinking themselves peculiarly fortunate in being permitted to make that journey instead of the long and dreary march to Siberia. It often happens, however, that a noble family are compelled, at a few hours' notice, to forsake their home and betake themselves to the interior of the empire, a place almost as unknown to them as the Desert of Sahara. They are permitted to take no more baggage than can be contained in a britzka, and an impatient escort of Russian cavalry wait at the door, urging them to obey their orders without loss of time.

The misery of such a journey through a horrible country, during the rigour of a Polish winter, may well be imagined, especially when the travellers are women refined and delicately nurtured, as many of these Polish ladies are. This, however, is the least unfortunate of all the penalties paid by those who live in a suspected district, and is believed by the Russians rather to be an evidence of the mild paternal rule of the Emperor than an outrage upon humanity.

Our Engraving represents one of these forced expatriations, and is taken from a sketch (made at the time) of the removal of a Polish nobleman and his family, who were compelled to quit their house at a few hours' notice for a journey which would require several days and nights for its accomplishment.

THE OPERA.

THE opera is open, and the season at COVENT GARDEN has commenced well, with a new and competent singer in an old and admirable part. Mme. Lagrua is more than "competent," however, in the sense in which that word is usually employed. She is a vocalist who, not many years since, possessed the highest qualification, who still enjoys a very high reputation, and who, from her natural genius and her great artistic acquirements, must always be ranked among vocalists of the highest order, whatever opinion may be entertained as to the rank which in that order ought to be assigned to her. Mme. Lagrua is, probably, the very best Norma that Mr. Gye could have found. All who have been in the habit of hearing her seem to agree in saying that Norma is decidedly her finest part; and, whatever it may be relatively, it is certain that, absolutely, her impersonation of the Druid Priestess (which, we believe, is the style and title accorded to the unfortunate and slightly culpable heroine by every newspaper for the last five and twenty years) is a performance of remarkable merit, lighted up here and there by touches of real genius. Indeed, "too late" is the only reproach that can be addressed to Mr. Gye in connection with the engagement of Mme. Lagrua. Why should we not have had her in London at least six or eight years ago when her voice was nearly as fresh as that of Mme. Barbot, her youthful, talented, and in all respects charming successor at St. Petersburg—a singer whom, when her voice is somewhat worn, we shall also, no doubt, have an opportunity of hearing on the Anglo-Italian stage?

However, Mme. Lagrua is a vocalist that numbers of musicians and amateurs in this country were anxious to hear; she is a remarkable improvement on Mme. Fricci; and it was impossible for the audience of the Royal Italian Opera to make her acquaintance as long as an absolute command over certain parts was maintained by Mme. Gisi. A very short interval, after all, has elapsed since Mme. Gisi's retirement, and her place is now filled by one who is more than worthy to occupy it as it had been occupied of late years. Without describing Mme. Lagrua's performance scene by scene, we may simply state that she produced comparatively but little impression in the earlier part of the opera—her "Casta diva," as a specimen of pure singing, being, perhaps, the weakest of her achievements; but she showed great dramatic power wherever dramatic power could be exhibited, and first of all in the celebrated trio with Pollio and Adalgisa; and that her full capabilities were displayed in all their force in the final scenes of the opera, and not until then. Nothing could be more pathetic than the tones of Mme. Lagrua's voice, her gestures, her attitudes, and, in short, her perfect combination of the talent of the great tragic actresses who never can sing with that of the great vocalists who seldom know how to act. As both are important in such a part as Norma, we may state that Mme. Lagrua is tall, graceful, dignified in bearing, and, with regard to her deportment in the tragic scenes, that she neither assumes the occasional ferocity of Mme. Gisi nor the general innocence of Jenny Lind, who, it may be remembered, endeavoured to do for the character of Norma what Mr. Carlyle has done for Oliver Cromwell and what Mr. Frode is trying to do for Henry VIII. The "rehabilitation" of Norma, the vestal mother of two fine children, is evidently a project that has not yet been entertained by Mme. Lagrua.

Mme. Lagrua was not the only singer who appeared for the first time in London on the occasion of the opening of the Royal Italian Opera. A new bass, Signor Altri by name, made his debut with great success in the part of Oroveso, and was particularly happy in his execution of the air with chorus in the last act.

The part of Adalgisa was intrusted to Mdlle. Marie Battu, who "kindly undertook it," and who, we are quite ready to believe, sang it for the first time. This has, of course, nothing to do with the fact of Mdlle. Battu being a singer of great merit, as she has already proved herself to be in a variety of parts.

The proverbially "ungrateful part of Pollio" was given to Signor Naudin, who returned the compliment.

All the singers were called for—once at the end of the first act and twice after the second, and would doubtless have been called for three times had there been a third.

"God Save the Queen" was sung at the beginning of the opera, with great scenery at the back, so that ill-informed persons might have taken it for the opening piece in "Norma." The house was crowded the first night. "Norma" was to be repeated the second night of the season (Thursday); and the third (to-night) "Masaniello" is to be performed.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.—The will of this illustrious man, which consists of three sheets of brief paper, has, by the direction of the Judge of the Court of Probate, been very carefully cleaned, and each sheet placed in an elaborately polished oak frame, between sheets of plate glass. The frames are made airtight, and on the top of each is a brass plate engraved, "Shakespeare's Will, 25th March, 1616;" and each one is fastened with one of Chubb's patent locks. This plan prevents its being handled when shown to the public, and will add very much to its preservation. The three frames fit into a beautiful oak box, and the memorial is now well worth seeing by those who take an interest in the coming "Shakespeare Tercentenary." The Judge has also sanctioned the taking of photographs of it, but in the presence of one of the record-keepers of the Court.

THE WILL OF THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA.—A Munich journal states that the private property of the late King is valued at 4,000,000 gulden, and that his Majesty's will specifies that the whole of this property shall be devoted towards those beneficent objects, calculated to promote the common good, which during the life of the King formed his chief care. One million will be devoted to the completion, establishment, and endowment of the Maximilian Orphan Institute for the children of servants of the State; a similar sum will be devoted towards the Maximilianum in like proportions; and, finally, a sufficient sum will be invested in order that the scientific undertakings—and especially those relating to history—which were set on foot by his Majesty may be carried out, and that the pensions conferred by him on certain artists, poets, and learned men may be continued. By a codicil to the will his Majesty orders that a mausoleum shall be erected for himself and his consort behind the Theatin Church, in such a manner that it can be approached from the church and also from without. The plan of this structure and the order for the payment of the cost are attached to the will.

Literature.

The Small House at Allington. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. With Illustrations. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Anthony Trollope is the pleasantest fellow now out, and this is one of the very pleasantest (some readers go farther still) of his novels. In two charming volumes, with the original illustrations by Mr. Millais, what a parlour-window treasure have we here! How does the man contrive to make his stories so interesting, while he keeps so very near the surface of things? What magic is this which gets such a heap of entertainment out of next to nothing? What is it this conjur cannot do, with a hat, with a handkerchief, with a walking-stick, with any commonplace thing you like to name? And how—do tell us how—does he manage all that skating on thin ice without getting ducked? All the Palliser and Dumbello "fie-fie" (Mr. Trollope's name for it, not ours); all the Crosbie fie-fie of "entanglements" (which Lily Dale didn't understand about); all the Lupex and Cradell fie-fie (in a vulgar lodging-house, too!)—how ever does the man get over it?

The fact is, it is his "way" that does it; and his "way" is exactly that of a rather precocious child. Mr. Trollope is a good-humoured "cherubim" of society. His manner is chubby. Pet Marjorie might have written a great deal of "The Small House." He evidently knows everything, and a great deal more; but he says it all in such an innocent, gingerbread vein of mere narrative that you either say, "Bless his little heart, how nice of him!" or else, "Bless his little heart! Oh, fie for shame!—there, then!" Now, the piquancy of this manner is extreme. It is a childlike gregariousness of mood which underlies all the pleasantness of Mr. Trollope's writing. A man of the world he most undoubtedly is, but he writes like an artistic boy of the world. It is a great gift.

Here and there, however, in this novel we cannot help seeing the hand of the manufacturer a little. Mr. Trollope says twice over—evidently forgetting on the second occasion that he has said it before—that the young are perhaps more, not less, thoughtful (in a certain sense) than the middle-aged. And he has a way of repeating himself in catches, or jerks, which sometimes suggests the making of copy. As thus,—an imaginary instance, though numerous real ones might be quoted:—"He kissed her fingers and walked away slowly. He walked away slowly, and thought what a dear little hand she had." Or thus:—"Johnny Eames looked up into Lord De Guest's face, and thought his Lordship's temperament sanguine-lymphatic-fibrous. He thought his Lordship's temperament sanguine-lymphatic-fibrous, and said to himself, what a capital mixture it was for a man who wanted to lead an easy life." But these are small blemishes; and perhaps no writer of the day has so few faults as Mr. Trollope. True, if he attempts to become serious or pathetic, he falls into sentimentalism. But he knows his own limitations, and very seldom goes over the line. The whole of this story might have been told in a pastrycook's shop by an intelligent girl munching a bun and looking out of window, if the girl happened to be the semi-juvenile Mr. Trollope.

The story our readers (a good many of them) know. The small house at Allington is where Lily Dale, the heroine, lives with her sisters and her mother—pure, pretty, patient, and portionless. To her enter Crosbie, Government clerk and worldly-minded swell. In six weeks this couple are engaged. Lily, seeing Crosbie is disappointed that there is no fortune, gives him a chance of backing out of the engagement. But he declines to take advantage of the opportunity, and departs for De Courcy Castle a betrothed man. He has barely sat down in that abode of rank and fashion before he is engaged to Lady Alexandrina De Courcy. Nothing more heartlessly weak was ever done by a "man of society." The end is that Lady Alexandrina and he find it dull; she goes to Baden-Baden for an indefinite period; he is left behind, with an income diminished to one half, to lead the life of a man who is neither bachelor nor Benedict, and is yet not rich enough to console himself for the *equivocal* of the situation. But it must be added that, in spite of his meanness, Crosbie carries off a great deal of the reader's sympathy; for two reasons—he is a man who can work, and he does not whimper.

In addition to what the natural "Nemesis" of the situation brings, Crosbie gets a black eye, the history of which is wonderfully well told. It is Johnny Eames who gives him the blow; and Johnny Eames is himself in love with Lily, who refuses him. He is a sad "muff," however, and has an entanglement with his landlady's daughter, Amelia Roper, who, by-the-way, is capitally sketched. It is not fie-fie, and comes to nothing; for Amelia eventually marries Cradell (another official "muff") who has a rather fie-fie entanglement with Mrs. Lupex. Mr. Trollope is very successful with his vulgarisms.

There is a great deal in this kind of novel, pleasant as it is, to set one thinking disagreeably. The majority of the persons introduced are venerated savages, nothing more. No doubt, in "society" a woman is a mere bone to be fought for among a pack of men; while the man is a creature more or less proper to be matrimonially entrapped. No doubt, it is the thing for a man who "loves" a good girl (who doesn't love him) to give the man she does love (who has jilted her) a black eye, without consulting the wishes of the girl; this is human nature. But whose human nature? The story reads just like "facts," no doubt; and so much the worse for the facts.

Lily retains her "love" for Crosbie to the last, and refuses either to hear him spoken against or to marry anybody else. One puzzle is, how the poor child contrived to become so much attached to this snob in a few weeks; and another, how the snob came to jilt her for Alexandrina, who also had no money. But that is the way things happen in life. Which of us could not tell a dozen stories quite as hard to make sense of?

We cordially commend "The Small House at Allington" to readers who like a novel that is never tedious and never troublesomely stimulating. As for Mr. Trollope, with his inexhaustible bottle-of-ink—we can only wonder at him. In one of Dickens's early sketches about private theatricals it is suggested that, in the revolt scene of "Masaniello," the family gardener, with a pickaxe on his shoulder, should "keep on running backwards and forwards in front of the stage, so as to make it appear as if there was a good many of 'em, you know." And, oh! Mr. Trollope, wasn't it an economical idea? Do you think we have forgotten "The Three Clerks"? Not we, indeed; we enjoyed it too much, and so we have "The Small House at Allington."

Knowledge for the Time: A Manual of Reading, Reference, and Conversation on Subjects of Living Interest, Useful Curiosity, and Amusing Research; Historical-political Information; Progress of Civilisation; Dignities and Distinctions; Changes in Lives; Measure and Value; Progress of Science; Life and Health; Religious Thought. Illustrated from the best and latest Authorities. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Lockwood and Co.

Who does not know the venerable Mr. Timbs, and the wonders he can achieve with paste and scissors? If any, speak! for him this book's intended. The title is in itself an account of the contents; and who expects us to review the miscellanies of science, history, and opinion for a dozen years past? If any, speak! for him shall we have offended when we say we don't mean to do it for him. Let him buy this last performance of our revered bagman, and we promise him he won't be disappointed. Nor must he rashly infer from the tone of what goes before that Mr. Timbs has quoted the speech of Brutus over the dead body of Caesar. The present volume contains nothing out of "Enfield's Speaker" (as we last saw that manual), but it does contain a very interesting collection of paragraphs. We can scarcely conceive a more improving exercise for the mind than to read it all and disbelieve three fourths of it. This, by-the-by, is the recognised rule of the study, though not generally known, and we ungrudgingly make it public without troubling readers to send postage-stamps in return. If, however, they have consciences and bowels of compassion, they will send their postage-stamps all the same to the Institution for Decayed Critics, which is in want of funds.

The Desk-book of English Synonyms; designed to Afford Assistance in Composition, and also as a Work of Reference requisite to the Secretary and indispensable to the Student. By JOHN SHERER. Groombridge and Sons.

This is a useful book, and worth its money and a place on the desk. All works of the kind have a tendency to hold back the index of language to restricted significances; but somebody must play conservatism in these little games, or what would become of us? As Dr. Watts judiciously observes in his "Logic," it would never do for a lazy schoolboy to say he had learned his lesson, and then explain that by learned he had meant *eaten*, and by lesson *breakfast*. Against such rocks ahead as this we are saved by Johnson, Walker, Webster, Trench, and Sherer. Honour, then, to Sherer! and may his shadow never grow less—unless, indeed, he should ever be in the position of Mr. Banting, and become himself a synonyme for Falstaff. Lexicography runs naturally to fat. Dictionaries are large books. Who makes thick volumes should himself be thick. The present volume, however, is thin. With these remarks we conclude, recommending this "Desk-book of Synonyms."

Scenes from the Drama of European History. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Virtue Brothers and Co.

This is an exceedingly readable book, and carefully compiled; besides that it is more than a mere compilation. Its title gives reason to expect much less consecutiveness of plan than is really to be found in the volume, which is one of the nicest on our desk—a book for intelligent boys and girls, a book for a lazy afternoon, a book of pretty stories and word-pictures, not wanting in suggestion and unobtrusive intelligence.

Poems. By G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L., Author of "A Defence of the Queen's English." Hatchard and Co.

We believe that in his conflict with Dean Alford Mr. Washington Moon got the best of it. He evidently thinks this must have struck such terror into the minds of the public that their first impulse, on seeing another production of his, would be to run away and hide themselves. As this would be bad for the sale of his book (though a mighty compliment to his prowess), he soothingly whispers on his titlepage that his intentions are pacific. This he does by a quotation from the celestial Tupper:—"Lo! now I stand not forth laying hold on spear and buckler; I come, a man of peace, to comfort, not to combat." These words serve the same purpose on Mr. Washington Moon's titlepage as the necklace of beads and the roll of calico which the missionary exhibits to the savages who stand in terror of the cannonading palafates that approach their shores.

For the humanising assurance conveyed in those Olympian words we thank Mr. Washington Moon; and perceiving, certainly, neither spear nor buckler in the case, we draw nigh unto him to receive the promised "comfort." But, unhappily, he strokes our back the wrong way: of such small account is the most amiable disposition when the skill of the performer does not correspond! Life, Mr. Moon, is short; art is long; Criticism is long-suffering; and Dean Alford is more like a poet than you are. But Dean Alford is scarcely like a poet at all—*ergo*—

We regret that Mr. Washington Moon should have come forward, as the *Morning Advertiser* says, "clad in his singing robes." He looks ever so much better in old Busby's skull-cap, armed with accident and ferula. If he likes to call them "spear and buckler," nobody will grudge him a harmless figure of speech. But the harp is another sort of thing, and we do strenuously object to his "standing forth" to play on an instrument he does not understand. He is far more terrific in the part of Apollo than in that of Achilles, and the public would rather see his manly thews dilated with the passion of the warrior than hear him warbling the tune the cat died of, to the rapturous applause of the insignificant minority who like it and the extreme annoyance of such as would rather he moved on.

Historical Odes and Other Poems. By RICHARD WATSON DIXON, M.A. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We have not been so fortunate as to see Mr. Dixon's collection of sacred poems called "Christ's Company," to which he wishes three of the poems (not the best) in the present volume to be considered as additions; but we have no difficulty in deciding that Mr. Dixon has real poetic faculty. We fear he will find the critics pretty unanimous in saying the "Historical Odes" are the least successful of his verses; but there is something very charming about the following

SONG.

The feathers of the willow
Are half of them grown yellow
Above the swelling stream;
And ragged are the bushes,
And rusty now the rushes,
And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,
His stalk begins to moulder,
His head is white as snow;
The branches all are barer,
The linnet's song is rarer,
The robin pipeth now.

The poem called "Insience" is only a suggestion—a very crude, imperfect thing; but it is a poem, after all:—

INSIENCE.

The wind, like mist of purple grain,
Arises o'er the Arab plain;
Strange constellations flashing scar
Above the dreadful Boreal scar.

But never purple cloud I see
Swelling above immensity;
And never galaxy doth peer
Through the thick mists that wrap me here:
Hard is the way, shut is the gate,
And life is in a narrow strait.
Once only did my soul aspire
To scale the Orient dropping fire;
Once only floated in the ways
Of heaven apart from earthly haze;
And then it was a foolish soul,
And knew not how the heavens do roll.

Mr. Dixon's volume makes no extravagant claims (as we read it), nor could critics sanction them if they were made; but we feel no hesitation in singling Mr. Dixon out from the crowd as a poet by something more than the half-blood. We cannot predict his fortunes, however.

The Pearl of the Rhone, and other Poems. By WILLIAM DUTHIE, Author of "A Tramp's Wallet." Hardwicke.

Mr. Duthie writes good prose, and well-constructed verses in which rhetoric seems here and there about to blend itself with the music, and cross over the border-line into the land of poetry. But it never does it. Mr. Duthie is not a poet. So many careful critics have passed this judgment upon him, that he will now probably receive it. It does not follow, because they have so many of them made a mistake about Robert Henderson (which we observe Mr. Duthie has repeatedly corrected by letter), that they don't know poetry when they see it. But it is to them (we dare say), as it is to us, a matter of frequent surprise that men of ability, like Mr. Duthie, should come so very close, and yet fall short. So it is, however, and a mis is as good as a mile. We offer Mr. Duthie warm and respectful sympathy in regard to his conscientious self-culture; but we can't offer him a single sprig of bay. We hope he doesn't care.

CONSERVATIVE DEMONSTRATION AT EXETER.—Sir Stafford Northcote has been making a speech on the state of parties at a Conservative dinner at Exeter. He was very jubilant over the prospects of the Conservatives. The present Government he described as utterly effete, without any home policy, and having failed completely in its foreign policy. He believed the next general election will give the Conservative party a large majority, and that they will then find themselves in power. He appeared to have some lingering doubts, however, for he exhorted his friends not to pull the pear before it was ripe.

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